

Football Premiership: Liverpool 5 Nottingham Forest 1

Teenage striker in a class of his own

Daniel Taylor at Anfield

THE WORD "burn-out" clearly does not exist in Michael Owen's vocabulary. While the game's amateur psychologists have been pontificating about his durability, Owen provided the perfect riposte with an irresistible display of attacking play, capped by four goals that elevated him back to the top of the Premiership scoring charts. Here was a truly world-class footballer.

Owen emphatically answered any lingering fears for his well-being in the aftermath of a punishing schedule of 34 senior appearances in a remarkable 17 months. This was a performance full of zest and running, with two goals in each half to leave joint managers Gérard Houllier and Roy Evans vindicating their controversial decision to rest their club's most prized asset for the mid-week stalemate against Valencia in the Uefa Cup.

"He'd accepted our decision earlier in the week, but, like any kid, he always wants to play," said Evans. "If we asked him to play every day, twice a day, he would say yes. But, as his custodians, we have to think about his well-being and he had looked tired in the last week. England won't rest him, so it's up to us to take that on board."

"Every goal was a great finish and he's obviously going to take the limelight, but the most important thing is that, after a spell when the team did not look the part, we were back on song."

The bookmakers responded to



Final score... Michael Owen shoots his fourth, and Liverpool's fifth, in the rout of Forest. PHOTO: DARRIN WALSH

his latest effort by slashing Owen from 9-4 to 1-2 to finish top Premiership scorer this season. Recalled at the expense of Robbie Fowler, Owen left his employers in no doubt about his form, despite having scored only two goals in the previous 11 matches.

Within 10 minutes he was taking the acclaim of the crowd when, from Karlheinz Riedle's through-ball, he finished exquisitely into the top cor-

ner of Dave Beasant's net without breaking stride.

Not for the first time, however, the get-out clause for a visiting team at Anfield was the hosts' suspect defence. Steve Stone, marked by Steve McManaman of all people, produced an exhilarating moment of skill to control a raking cross from left-back Alan Rogers before

teeing up Dougie Freedman for a 16th-minute equaliser.

Briefly, it was Forest's turn to ask the questions, but the defensive errors were not confined solely to the home side, and normal service was resumed in the 23rd minute as Owen and Patrik Berger combined

to set up the unmarked McManaman for his first goal at Anfield in 12 months. He gave Beasant little chance with a stinging right-foot drive from 12 yards after an horrendous mistake by captain Steve Chet-

le had caught his defensive leagues gold. The absence of Pierre Van Haeck has been well-documented, but the summer departure of C. C. Cooper to Middlesbrough, denying the side of his leadership, has been equally detrimental to a team who have taken only six points from their last seven league matches.

Forest played into Owen's hands by choosing to defend close to the halfway line, rather than sitting deep and denying the lightning-striker the space he craves for his surging runs. Jon Olav Hjelde was guilty of ball-watching as the impossible Owen accepted another Riedle pass before producing a clinical left-foot finish from the edge of the area to increase Liverpool's advantage seven minutes before the break.

The hat-trick was completed in the penalty spot in the 71st minute after Rogers had upended Riedle at the edge of the penalty area, and the crowd did not have long to wait before his fourth. Accepting a lay-off from goalkeeper Dave James, Owen's lightning-quick pass was too much for Thierry Bonaldi, and although his first effort was saved by Beasant, he was going to make a mistake with the ball.

Owen left the field to a standing ovation, while Forest were left reeling on 29 years without a victory at Anfield, with the prospect of a hard battle to prevent an instant return to the First Division.

"I'm just glad Owen is English," said Forest manager Dave Bass. "He looks refreshed after his finishing was tremendous. I would have preferred him to be rested again — but that goes with out saying."

Cricket Third Test: Pakistan v Australia

Series win for Australia

AUSTRALIAN cricketers celebrated their first series victory in Pakistan for 39 years as the third and final Test ended in a draw in Karachi.

Ijaz Ahmed, with an unbeaten 120, and Moin Khan, who made 75, rescued Pakistan from a precarious 75 for four by putting on 153 for the fifth wicket.

The visitors, who won the series 1-0 thanks to their victory by an innings and 99 runs in the first Test in Rawalpindi, seemed in sight of a second win, only to miss two crucial catches.

First Ijaz was dropped by skipper Mark Taylor off Glenn McGrath on two, while Moin got his extra life on 30 when Mark Waugh spilled a chance at slip off Stuart MacGill.

Tasmanian pace bowler Colin Miller had taken three early wickets to leave Pakistan struggling, but the hosts recovered to finish on 262 for five having been set a daunting 419 to win.

Australia had a first-innings lead of 28 after bowling out Pakistan for 252. Only Asim Sohail offered any resistance against the opposition's attack.

He went on to make a brave, disciplined 133, holding together a side that was falling to pieces. His fifth Test century, and first as captain, took almost six hours and came from 272 balls. It included 18 fours and a six.

McGrath and MacGill between them claimed most of the wickets. For McGrath it was the tenth time he had taken five wickets in an innings from 40 Tests. In hot, unhelpful conditions, his performance was outstanding.

A delightful century by Mark Waugh then put Australia firmly in command. It was his 15th in 81 Tests and came from 232 balls with nine boundaries and six before he was beaten in the air by the debutant spinner Shakeel Ahmad for an easy stumping to Moin Khan on 117.

Waugh featured in three half-century partnerships, adding 66 for the fourth wicket with his twin Steve, 76 for the fifth with Darren Lehmann and 63 for the seventh with Gavin Robertson.

That last partnership all but ended Pakistan's faint victory hopes as Robertson, who came in with Australia 294 for six, batted for more than two hours for his 45, hitting five fours and a six and taking 17 runs from one over by Arshad Khan.

Australia's last series success in Pakistan came under Richie Benaud in 1959-60.

Scores: Australia 280 (Mike Storer 98; Shahid Afridi 6-52) and 300 (M Waugh 117, Mark Taylor 88; Shakeel Ahmad 4-91); Pakistan 252 (Asim Sohail 133; McGrath 5-66) and 262 for 5. Match drawn.

- 5 A hollow where a dwarf is to be found (6)
6 Plot skilfully at this house? (9)
7 Shell case badly cut (7)
8 It's said of patron, poet obtains a degree (13)
14 Area at back for bird (9)
15 Red male produces green stone (7)
18 Table dish and a unit (7)
19 Not like the H. G. man (7)
20 Reportedly rotten for 10 years (6)
23 He wapt because of John Edrich's openers with South American (5)

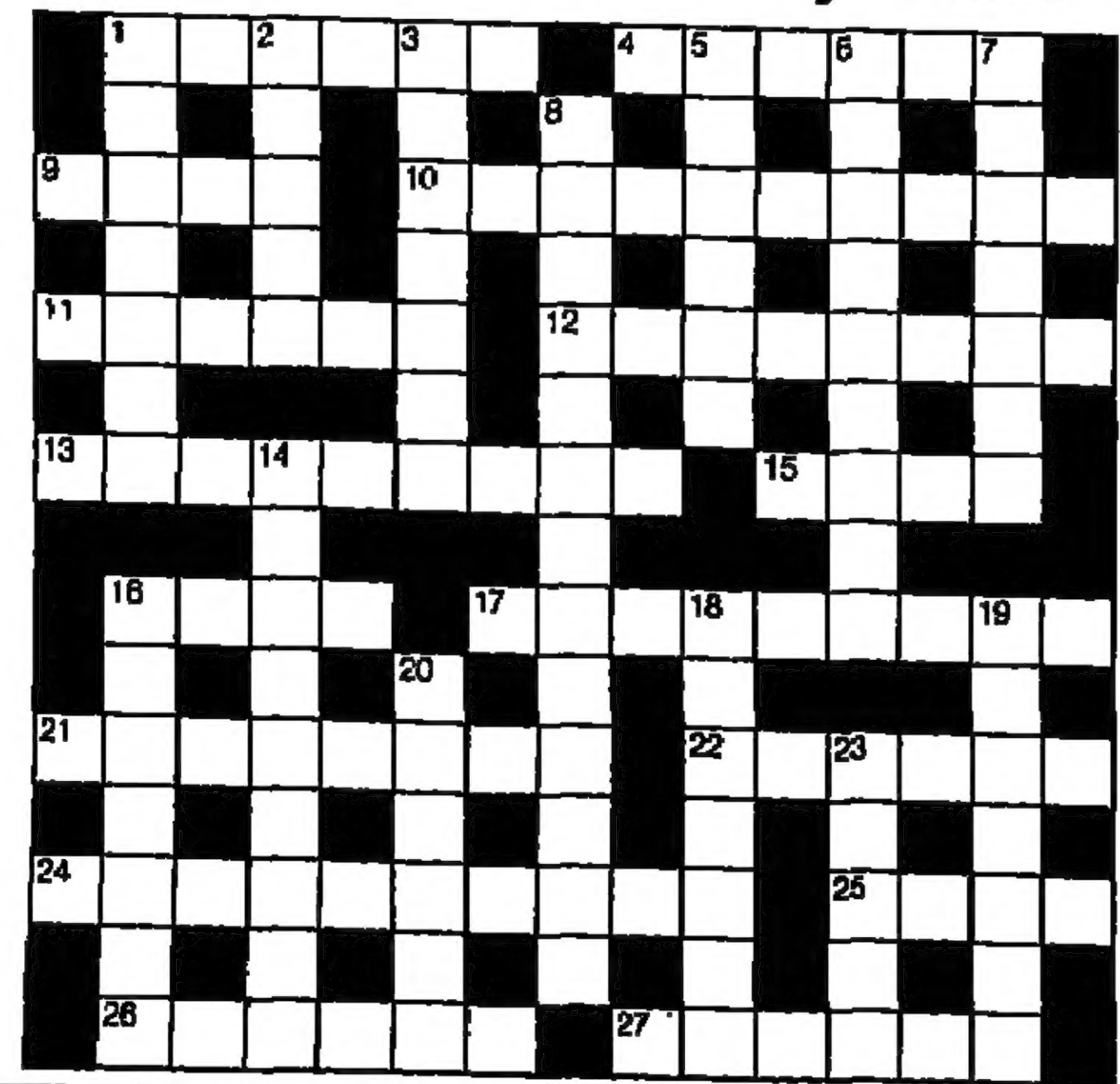
- 17 Feeling displayed by young boxer, say (5,4)
21 Rear rider jostles ahead in lines (8)
22 Fix this time, only (6)
24 Sun and place found on the beach (10)
25 The convulsive let these out (4)
26 One going without is faster (6)
27 Judge to be supine, perhaps (8)

Last week's solution

VICTORY HIGH
AND ANNOYED
YOUNDER INQUEST
UPON A SASSY
PROG SALAMANDER
GUESS THE
ZOOTCHNICAL
DARTAGNIAN EPIC
GORGEOUS AREA
AMPHIBIA WATERY
THE ELEGANT
UNFAITH MOONLIT
EARTH AND G

- Down
1 Garland maid for this lady (7)
2 Turner expert is found in father (5)
3 Islets of Langerhans production (7)

Cryptic crossword by Fidelio



Across

- 1 Back room boy was born of Finnish minority (6)
4 Quilley, Guevara went after Sandy to capture beauty (6)
9 He consumed rice (4)
10 Steps taken by the charmed one? (5,5)
11 Hardy partner is evergreen (6)
12 Centres revealed by micrometre comparisons (8)
13 Tents and a river are by this tower (9)
15 Sound from horn player in social gathering at up end (4)
16 Pound is last character in age (4)

- Down
1 Garland maid for this lady (7)
2 Turner expert is found in father (5)
3 Islets of Langerhans production (7)

The Guardian Weekly

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Week ending November 8, 1998

Two young survivors of a mudslide in northern Nicaragua wait to be taken to hospital. PHOTO: GERMAN NIKOLAI

Mitch claims thousands of lives

Phil Gunson

THE death toll from the worst storm to hit Central America this century seemed likely to exceed 7,000, as desperately overstretched emergency services sought to bring order to the chaos.

The director of the Honduran national emergency committee, Dimas Alonzo, said floods and landslides caused by tropical storm Mitch may have cost as many as 5,000 lives in Honduras alone. But he admitted the true total may never be known.

The Honduran president, Carlos Flores Facusse, appealed for international aid and announced that he was suspending constitutional liberties to combat looting.

"There are corpses everywhere," he said in a national broadcast. "The floods and landslides erased from the map many villages and households as

well as whole neighbourhoods of cities... I ask the international community for human solidarity."

The United States government is providing more than \$1 million for aircraft to deliver relief supplies to Central America, US officials said on Monday.

In Nicaragua rescue workers continued to pull bodies from the black volcanic mud at the scene of one of the worst disasters in the country's history. Nicaragua's vice-president, Enrique Bolaños, said 1,000 to 1,500 people had been killed at the Casita volcano near Chinandega and 600 others had died elsewhere.

Swollen by torrential rains caused by Mitch, the crater lake at the volcano's summit overflowed, witnesses say, causing a mudslide that wiped out four communities. "The mud was as high as the trees," a survivor, Rosa Caballero, said, "and it tore down the trees and the houses. The place is a desert now."

The mud, in places up to 6m thick, covers an area of about 80sq km. "It is a giant cemetery," Mr Bolaños said.

The death toll continues to rise across the region, along with the incalculable economic losses. Honduras and Nicaragua, the two countries worst affected, are the poorest in the Americas after Haiti.

Heavy rain has turned the centre of the Honduran capital Tegucigalpa into a vast lake, while the hillsides are strewn with the wreckage of shanty homes. In all, 800,000 of the country's 5 million inhabitants are reported homeless.

In Nicaragua up to 50 bridges on main highways, and many minor bridges, have been destroyed, including those on roads in and out of the capital Managua.

With bodies rotting in the open air, and water supplies disrupted, the fear now is of epidemics, including malaria and cholera.

Greenhouse effect worse than feared

Paul Brown

LARGE swaths of the planet will be plunged into misery by climate change in the next 50 years, with many millions ravaged by hunger, water shortages and flooding, according to evidence published this week.

Findings from Britain's Hadley Centre for Climate Change presented to 170 countries meeting in Buenos Aires for talks on global warming show that parts of the Amazon rain forest will turn into desert by 2050, threatening the world with an unstoppable greenhouse effect.

The startling findings are the result of billions of calculations made by the world's biggest supercomputer at the Hadley Centre in Berkshire. The figures show the earth is heating up fast, with 1998 already the hottest year since reliable records began 140 years ago.

Among the findings are:

- Land temperatures will go up 6C by the end of the next century.
- The number of people on the coast subject to flooding each year will rise from 5 million now to 100 million by 2050, and 200 million by 2080.
- Another 30 million people will be hungry in 30 years because it will be too dry to grow crops in large parts of Africa.
- An extra 170 million people will live in countries with extreme water shortages.
- Malaria, one of the world's most feared diseases, will threaten much larger areas of the world — including Europe — by 2050.

The new predictions include far better representations of ocean currents, which drive the world's climate. The Gulf Stream, which is important for warming Britain in the winter, will be 20 per cent weaker in future, but Europe will still warm considerably resulting in more extreme weather conditions.

The impact on food supply will be particularly bad for Africa and the United States. The whole of central

and southern Africa will have reduced ability to grow staple crops, but in world political terms the adverse effects on the US prairies is likely to prove most important.

Wheat and maize yields will drop by up to 10 per cent, and since the vast surplus of the US wheat belt is vital to the country's wealth and its hold on world food supplies, this prediction will be bad news for future US administrations.

The US stands accused of holding up talks designed to reduce the world's output of carbon dioxide, so it is ironic that on the first day of the two-week meeting in Argentina the latest models show that the US will be among the countries most severely affected. Canada, on the other hand, will see its wheat production increase by 2.5 per cent.

Perhaps the most startling finding is the prospect of a runaway greenhouse effect after 2050. It has been thought that the speed of global warming would be moderated by the extra growth in plants and trees. The latest information shows that this benefit will be lost in 2050 because of lack of rainfall in key areas. Worst affected will be northern Brazil, where the Amazon rain forest will turn into desert, and part of the eastern US and southern Europe.

Sea levels throughout the world will rise 21cm by 2050. The coasts of the southern Mediterranean, Egypt, West and East Africa, South and Southeast Asia are most vulnerable.

Increased warmth leads to a dramatic rise in the number of malaria cases where the disease is already endemic. It is already spreading north — Italy had an outbreak last year — and is expected to reach the Baltic by 2050.

Leapfrog forward, page 27

Crime soars in lawless Russia 5

Schröder faces fiery baptism 6

Mystery deepens as minister quits 9

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Vanity keeps Wolfe from door 33

Austria	AS30	Malta	60c
Belgium	BF80	Netherlands	G 5
Denmark	DK17	Norway	NK 16
Finland	FM 10	Portugal	E300
France	FF 14	Saudi Arabia	SR 6.50
Germany	DM 4	Spain	P 300
Greece	DR 500	Sweden	SK 19
Italy	L 3,500	Switzerland	SF 3.80



Brute force that does the market's bidding

THE articles in your October 25 issue on General Augusto Pinochet's arrest in London and on the Multilateral Agreement on Investment are ominously linked.

It is illuminating, and sadly ironic, that the right claims that brutal murderers such as Gen Pinochet should, and do, have diplomatic immunity from international prosecution, while trying to simultaneously push through the MAI, which would allow private corporations to prosecute governments. Many of these corporations not only abide by the same free-market philosophies that empower autocratic regimes such as Gen Pinochet's, but also directly support such regimes (witness Shell's activities in Nigeria).

Free-market policies are killing or injuring thousands of people and are destroying the planet. Right-wingers are understandably nervous about having to account for their deeds in international tribunals. Their record is appalling. Extradition and trial for Gen Pinochet is the only sane and justifiable course, followed by similar actions against other world "leaders" who supported him.

Economic prosperity is a failure,

Indeed it is barbarism, if it is achieved by the murder, torture, detention or silencing of even one dissenter.

Shawn Smith,
Toronto, Canada

THE detention of Gen Pinochet in London calls for a renewed discussion of the 1973 Chilean coup, its causes and its consequences. Baroness Thatcher's intervention on Gen Pinochet's behalf points a finger at the interests that they both represent. The help given by Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger to the Chilean military before, during and after the coup are similarly revealing. And the intervention of Chile's ambassador to Britain — who was one of Gen Pinochet's victims — calling for the dictator's release, clearly indicates that the current Chilean government is still servant to these same interests.

As a Chilean I am ashamed of those Chileans who have no shame. It looks like it will take some more time before the way is truly open to rebuild democracy in Chile.

Juan H Vera,
Montreal, Canada

BRITAIN'S Lord Chief Justice has determined that Gen Pinochet cannot be held and prosecuted because he was once a head of state. If this decision is correct under international law then the United States must immediately release General Manuel Noriega, who was Panama's head of state when he was kidnapped by US troops and taken to Florida.

James and Ellen Loughery,
Prince George, BC, Canada

Middle East's flawed peace

THE Middle East agreement has been hailed as a major breakthrough, but there can be no doubt that it is fraught with danger (Maryland's charter of mistrust, November 1). Instead of doing away with the Vichy-style government that has been installed in Palestine following the Oslo agreement, it serves to reinforce those structures.

Neither the extremely well-armed Israeli security forces nor Yasser Arafat have been able to break the spirit of resistance that is fostered by continued occupation and corrupt "self-rule". Neither does Mr Arafat possess sufficient moral credibility, nor does the agreement include guarantees for a full Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank and a commitment to an end to further Israeli settlements.

The most likely scenario is violent clashes between Palestinian factions, which will then allow Israel to argue that a disunited nation cannot be granted independence.

By failing to commit itself to a future withdrawal from occupied territory, the agreement seeks to amend rather than to annul the occupation. The armed struggle and other forms of defiance will only lose their rationale if Palestinians are given the opportunity to look forward to self-determination.

Gabriel vom Bruck, Martha Mundy,
London School of Economics

AN "INTERIM" Middle East peace deal has given the role of "arbiter" of Palestinians suspected of terrorism to the CIA. To say it is like putting a fox in charge of the hen-house seems inadequate.

The CIA is a centre of human pollution, an invisible government whose power stretches from Wall Street to Timbuktu to Santiago. A proven infiltrator of labour and progressive movements, it murders, plunders, manipulates and despoils everything it touches. It guts democracy and makes war. It has not reformed. If history is a study of human irony, here indeed is a fine example.

Joan Cossedge,
Melbourne, Australia

Stacking the wrong facts

MILES KIMBER presents an interpretation of the recent Australian federal election that is not consistent with certain relevant facts (October 18).

His claim that John Howard "went to the people with all the cards stacked against him, and won despite the odds" is at variance with the prime minister having gone into the election with a lower-house majority of well over 40 in a 148-seat assembly; with Mr Howard having

been able to choose the timing of the poll; and with his having been able to use more than \$28 million of taxpayers' money to promote his proposed tax changes.

Mr Kimber's claim that Mr Howard "has been re-elected on a mandate of major tax reform including a goods and services tax" is at variance with well over half of the voters, in terms of their first preferences, having said no to a goods and services tax; with the opposition having polled more than half of the total two-party preferred vote; and with the voters having quite emphatically denied Mr Howard control of the Senate from mid-1999. This is certainly not a decisive mandate for the introduction of a highly contentious and regressive GST.

David S Walsh,
Aberdeen, NSW, Australia

MILES KIMBER is certainly correct when he writes of the need for a reform of Australia's tax laws. But neither he nor John Howard explain why a goods and services tax is essential in such a reform. Discounting the One Nation party, the other three main opposition parties, together with the churches and the social welfare groups, have been unanimous in their condemnation of the proposed GST, especially applied to food as Mr Howard intends.

I read that the Sydney Olympics committee anticipates that a 10 per cent GST will add \$200 million to the cost of the 2000 Games, and has signalled its intention to apply to the government for tax exemption. It will be interesting to see if Mr Howard attaches more importance to international athletics than he apparently does to the welfare of the poor.

B M Sykes,
Tasmania, Australia

American agenda

JOHN RYLE is mistaken in feeling that "the Mexicans and Canadians have got used to it" (The trouble with Americans, October 18). Many of us are angry about having the word "American" used to refer only to United States citizens. It's less than correct, and it has a tendency to make us feel ignored and cranky, which is unpleasant.

There's an alternative. An appropriate name for citizens of the US is Usians. The precedent has been set with words such as Argentinian and Canadian, where the final "a" of the country's name is replaced by "ian". Or perhaps Usan (as in Ugandan, Indian, etc) would be easier to spell.

Joan Donaldson,
Victoria, BC, Canada

I READ John Ryle's article with interest as I am an English language teacher at the University of Leon, in Nicaragua. Whenever I teach about nationalities and countries, a debate begins regarding the English translation of United States citizens — Americans. The Nicaraguans feel insulted and rather put out when I explain that there is no good word for US citizens in English.

We need some kind of reform in the use of this politically loaded word, which offends all Americans (North, Central and South) and stumps many an English language teacher. Language is power, and needs to be debated more.

Nicola Gorb,
Leon, Nicaragua

Briefly

THOSE who have followed the charade of the West's response to the latest Serbian atrocities in Kosovo (October 11) will not be surprised that President Slobodan Milosevic and his forces think they can now get away with a "final solution". It is to be hoped that Tony Blair and the new German government led by Gerhard Schröder, whose predecessor proposed Kosovo, will not only insist on all Kosovo refugees being able to return to their homes, but also that Serbia accept international involvement to find a solution to the crisis in Kosovo.

Joe Murphy,
Birmingham

IN TRYING to portray Brazil as a paradise for would-be teachers of English, Alex Bellos is disrespectful of both Brazilian English teachers and their students (October 11). By implying that Brazilian EFL teachers are intrinsically less competent than native speakers, he is not only reinforcing a common prejudice, but failing to recognise the changing nature of English as a world language. Potential teachers would do well to remember that there's more to teaching English than providing British or North American models and that there's more to Brazil than São Paulo.

Betania Azavedo and Peter Raloff,
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

I AM disappointed to see that yet again the translator's contribution to bringing Jose Saragamo's novel into the English language is unacknowledged (October 18). A. Michael Schmidt says in your article, Saragamo "is extremely difficult to translate". But someone did translate him, and since he is obviously so readable in English it must have been a job well done.

Anne-Marie Glasheen,
Society of Authors,
London

I AM just reading Steven Poole's write-up of James Kelman's book *The Good Times* (August 9). I know your readership is reputed to be fairly intelligent and I count myself in their number, but what, pray, does the following mean? — "Meanwhile one militant arm of Kelman's language is probably to deconstruct literary delimitations of literary register as being class-based prejudice."

David I Marks,
Nairobi, Kenya

YOUR obituary of Eric Ambler (November 8) does not mention the extraordinary fact that all of his *Pete Ayton* books are currently out of print.

Pete Ayton,
London

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November 8 1998

UN fury as Saddam blocks inspection

Ian Black

IRAQ has defied the United States and its allies by saying it would refuse to co-operate with United Nations weapons inspectors even under the threat of military action.

Baghdad's show of bravado came last week in a speech from Vice-President Taha Hussein Ramadan who declared: "Iraq does not fear the threat of the United States because it has been threatening Iraq for the past eight years." There will be no co-operation with the inspectors until sanctions are lifted, he said.

President Saddam Hussein's carefully timed decision forced the US president, Bill Clinton, to turn his attention to foreign policy at a time when he would have rather concentrated on this week's mid-term elections.

In an emergency meeting last weekend, the UN Security Council said Iraq's move was "a flagrant violation" of council resolutions.

Russia, generally sympathetic to Iraq, warned Baghdad to "weigh carefully the negative consequences" of its actions.

In London, the British prime minister, Tony Blair, who is Mr Clinton's staunchest international backer on this issue, said Iraq could not be allowed to build up weapons of mass destruction in defiance of Security Council resolutions. He issued a stern warning to the Iraqis to back down: "We have absolutely no doubt at all that they must comply and that we are ready to take whatever means are necessary to ensure that they do," he told a news conference, held with the German chancellor, Gerhard Schröder.

Meanwhile Mr Clinton warned that no options against Iraq were "off the table". Earlier, he met senior members of his national security team to consider options in the latest showdown. He has already sent his defence secretary, William Cohen, to Europe and the Gulf to

consult allies. He is expected to order military action if Iraq refuses to comply, but that will not happen quickly.

On Monday Tariq Aziz, Iraq's deputy prime minister and main representative on the international stage, said Baghdad would not reverse its decision to halt co-operation with UN weapons inspectors despite threats of military action by the US, Britain and Germany.

Instead, Iraq's 250 MPs unanimously backed the order to end co-operation with the UN Special Commission (Unscm) until the Security Council reviewed the lifting of sanctions and sacked the Unscm chairman, Richard Butler.

Iraq's move was in response to a council decision last week for a "comprehensive review" of UN Iraq policy that Baghdad had hoped would lead to a partial lifting of the sanctions imposed after its 1990 invasion of Kuwait.

Unscm has first to certify Iraq

has destroyed its weapons of mass destruction.

Meanwhile a top Iraqi defector has revealed that President Saddam's chemical and biological arsenal is hidden from his senior ministers.

Mr Aziz believes Iraq has disarmed in line with UN resolutions, but he has not been told the truth, Abbas al-Janabi, the former private secretary to President Saddam's son Uday, said.

"Even Tariq Aziz doesn't know where the weapons are," said Mr Janabi, described by diplomats as one of the best-informed Iraqis to defect to the West in recent years. "He thinks they are finished. He is important outside Iraq but he is nothing in his own country."

Mr Janabi said Uday Hussein, his brother Qusay and two others form a secret committee that supervises the 600-strong special brigade charged with concealing banned weapons from UN inspection teams.

The Week

CAPTAIN Alexander Nikitin, a former Russian naval officer who blew the whistle on the dangers of military nuclear waste in the Arctic, walked away a free man after a judge in St. Petersburg branded his treason charge indictments unclear and sent the case back for "further investigation".

HEINZ Kessler, aged 78, a former East German defence minister, was released from prison after serving four-and-a-half years for shootings at the Berlin Wall. He was the last high-ranking former East German in jail.

RUSSIAN president Boris Yeltsin began a holiday on the Black Sea as a senior aide said the leader would formally restrict his political activities early next year.

Washington Post, page 17

GORAN Jelusic, Serbia's 30-year-old self-styled "Adolf Hitler", admitted 31 counts of crimes against humanity, including 12 murders, before the International War Crimes Tribunal in the Hague, but denied the most serious charge of genocide.

BROTHER Dominique Savio Rwesoro, a Rwandan Catholic monk and an ethnic Hutu, has been sentenced to death after being found guilty of genocide by participating directly in killings of other clergymen.

THE city of New Orleans has become the first authority in United States history to take the country's powerful gun manufacturers to court, demanding compensation for the damage their products have caused in the murder-ridden city.

JOHN GLENN, the world's oldest astronaut, went into orbit as the Discovery space shuttle carrying the 77-year-old Democratic senator and six fellow astronauts made a perfect start to a nine-day mission aimed at rejuvenating the American public's love affair with the space programme.

Washington Post, page 17

CLAUDIO Cortes Garcia, a journalist on the Mexican edition of the French newspaper *Le Monde Diplomatique*, was found strangled on the back seat of a car in Mexico City.

SOUTH Africa's former president F W de Klerk has been granted a divorce in Cape Town from his wife Markie after a marriage of 39 years.

LEILA SEHOVIC, the Muslim woman stripped of her Miss Croatia title, will go to the Miss World contest this year, after controversy over the jury's withdrawal of her award prompted a compromise. Her replacement will go next year.

Anwar trial opens in Malaysia

John Gittings in Kuala Lumpur

CROWDS of his supporters glowered silently beyond riot police on guard outside the courthouse on Monday as Anwar Ibrahim, the former deputy prime minister of Malaysia, faced the first day of his long trial on corruption and sodomy charges.

Mr Anwar accused Mahathir Mohamad — the prime minister whose heir he was — of lying. Dr Mahathir, it emerged, may be called to testify. Mr Anwar also said that the attorney-general had prejudiced his chance of a fair trial by making public comments about the case.

But despite this show of defiance he was, after two months in detention, noticeably thinner. He seemed downcast after a series of adverse decisions by Judge Augustine Paul, including a refusal to grant formal admission to international observers — though most of them squeezed into the public gallery unofficially.

In language that will go down well with patriotic Malays, the judge said that the defence application was "an insult to the court. There is no reason to let foreigners check us".

But the Malaysian Bar Council was excluded altogether, as were half a dozen foreign diplomats.

The courthouse was ringed by police with riot shields, clubs, canes and rifles. By noon several hundred of Mr Anwar's supporters, who had hoped to demonstrate outside, were watching from the fringes of Merdeka Square where the courthouse stands in Kuala Lumpur.

The defence team unsuccessfully asked the judge to indict Dr Mahathir for contempt of court, following several public statements in which the prime minister has assumed Mr Anwar's guilt.

The main defence submission of the day — that the four corruption charges Mr Anwar is facing in the first phase of the trial be thrown out on grounds that the ordinance on which they were based had been annulled by the lower house of parliament — was rejected.

Comment, page 12



Friends attend to an injured girl outside the disco in the Swedish city of Gothenburg where a fire killed at least 60 teenagers and injured more than 180 last week. Swedish officials said that the fire, at a cultural centre for Macedonian immigrants, may have been started deliberately. PHOTOGRAPH: LEIF JACOBSSON

Serbs quit but Nato keeps jets ready

Martin Walker in Brussels

THE threat of air strikes against Serbia diminished last week after Nato agreed that Belgrade was moving towards withdrawing its troops from Kosovo and allowing international monitoring of the ceasefire.

The Nato Council, which comprises the ambassadors of all 16 alliance members, agreed a plan proposed by the British Foreign Secretary, Robin Cook, "to keep the planes on the runway", despite Russian demands that the activation order be lifted.

The activation order, which authorises the use of force, remains in place. But its execution will now wait upon a new meeting of the Nato Council to decide whether Serbia is complying with both the United Nations Security Council resolution and the agreement

reached with United States envoy, Richard Holbrooke, last month.

The situation remains tense because the Organisation for Security and Co-operation in Europe has barely begun to deploy the 1,500 civilian observers required to monitor the agreement.

As the Serbian troops pulled out they were replaced by guerrillas of the Kosovo Liberation Army. This had been predicted by the Yugoslav president, Slobodan Milosevic, who warned that Serbia could not permit the ceasefire to become a device by which the KLA resumed control of the region.

The international community is now paying the price of its own inefficiency in not deploying the OSCE observers speedily enough. It remains to be seen whether the unarmed monitors will have the authority to persuade the KLA guerrillas to withdraw from strategic

positions which could provoke the Serbs to strike back.

The improved situation could allow the international humanitarian operation to move into high gear. With 300,000 Kosovo Albanians made homeless during Serbian offensives in the summer, the operation is seen as essential to prevent a disaster as winter approaches.

The US has asked a private mercenary firm to provide the American military contingent to allow President Clinton to avoid the political risk of having Americans lose their lives in active service in the Balkans.

A French army officer based in Brussels has been arrested for allegedly supplying secret information on planned Nato air raids to the Serbian leadership. French justice officials said Pierre Bunel, who was seconded to Nato headquarters in Brussels, was in custody in Paris.

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The Guardian Weekly Knows no boundaries

Netanyahu stalls on Mideast peace

David Sharrock in Jerusalem

AS ISRAEL marked the third anniversary last week of the assassination of the prime minister who launched the Middle East peace process, its cabinet once again delayed discussing the latest land-for-peace agreement.

Flings flew at half-mast and ministers observed a moment of silence for Yitzhak Rabin, killed three years ago by an ultra-nationalist Jew.

His successor, Benjamin Netanyahu, announced that he would not bring the agreement signed in Washington last month to his cabinet until Palestinians had submitted a plan on fighting terrorism.

Yasser Arafat, the Palestinian leader, agreed the delay even as his minister for Jerusalem affairs was involved in scuffles with Jewish settlers and police.

Mr Netanyahu telephoned the Palestinian leader in Gaza to ask for a postponement of a few days. He said he would try to stick to the accord's 12-week timetable and carry out the first troop pullback in the West Bank as close as possible to the original date of November 16.

Mr Arafat, who called Mr Netanyahu his "peace partner" as they signed the Wye summit pact in the White House, accepted the delay with apparent good grace.

The agreement was to take effect at midnight on Friday last week. But Mr Netanyahu said the deal must first be ratified by his cabinet and parliament. The parliamentary session is set for next week.

Israel lifted a 50-day closure of Gaza and the West Bank last week, allowing 60,000 Palestinians to return to their jobs. The closure was imposed amid intelligence reports that the Islamist group Hamas was planning an atrocity to coincide with Jewish holidays. In recent days five attacks — all believed to have been the work of Hamas — have left four Israelis dead.

The ending of the closure suggests Israel is confident that the Palestinian Authority is determined to crack down on Hamas. Hundreds of its members have been rounded up and imprisoned.

But just as tension between the two leaders appears to be subsiding and with evidence that the Israeli army is preparing to withdraw bases and equipment from West Bank territory, the bitter struggle over the east Jerusalem district of Ras al-Amud has flared up again.

Israeli police scuffled with a senior Palestinian Authority official, Faisal Hussein, and clubbed his bodyguards. He was protesting against the construction of a Jewish enclave.

A Palestinian official, Hanan Asfour, said: "This is the most dangerous step against the peace process." Mr Netanyahu, denying a newspaper report that he had given President Clinton an assurance not to engage in "substantial" settlement expansion, said: "We will continue to allow the growth of existing communities."

Israel's first real test will come two weeks into the accord when 2 per cent of the West Bank is to be transferred from sole Israeli control to shared rule and 7.1 per cent is to be handed over to sole Palestinian control.

Meanwhile tension among Palestinians rose last week when Sheikh Ahmed Yassin, the founder and spiritual leader of the militant Islamist group Hamas, was put under house arrest after a suicide car bomb attempt on a bus full of Jewish children.

In a clear sign that Mr Arafat is determined to implement the Wye summit's land-for-security deal, he risked a street-level backlash against his Palestinian Authority by confining the elderly hardliner to his Gaza home and arresting more than 100 Hamas members.

His action against the wheelchair-bound cleric, a critic of peacemaking with the Israelis since his release from prison a year ago, came after a massacre was narrowly averted in the Palestinian-controlled Gaza Strip.

An Israeli soldier was killed when he placed his Jeep between a school bus carrying 40 Jewish settler children and a car bomb driven by a Hamas activist. The bomber was also killed.

Washington Post, page 18
Books, page 32



Victims of apartheid attend a self-help group in Sebokeng. Hundreds of people still seeking reparation are being counselled and advised of their rights

Tutu's reconciliation report savages apartheid

David Boreford and Alex Duval Smith in Pretoria

ARCHBISHOP Desmond Tutu's truth commission last week delivered a searing indictment of South African society under apartheid, handing out savage criticism across the political and social spectrum.

After 24 hours of high legal drama the commission fought off a last-ditch attempt by the African National Congress to prevent the scheduled release of the report, and it was formally handed over to President Nelson Mandela in Pretoria.

A high court application by the ANC to halt publication of the five-volume report, on the grounds that the commission had not taken account of its submissions, was dismissed only hours before the ceremonial presentation.

"I have struggled against tyranny," an enraged Archbishop Tutu said. "I didn't do that in order to substitute one tyranny with another."

"Some of the gross inaccuracies contained in the report will now

unfortunately become part of South Africa's history," said the ANC in response to the verdict.

The deputy president, Thabo Mbeki, said of the commission: "They are wrong, wrong and misguided."

But the archbishop described the publication of the report as "a triumph for truth and humanity".

Later there was speculation that Mr Mandela had opposed the ANC court action and that the decision to go ahead with it was taken without the knowledge of some other senior figures in the party.

The massive report consists of 3,500 pages culled from some 21,000 witness accounts, more than 7,000 amnesty applications and two and a half years of hearings.

The report contained little in the way of surprises, other than the breadth of the indictment. But it raises immediate headlines for the ANC-led government, which will have to decide whether to prosecute some of those named in the report — including President Mandela's ex-wife Winnie, the former presi-

dent P W Botha, and the leader of the Inkatha Freedom party (IFP) and current home affairs minister, Mangosuthu Buthelezi — as having been involved in gross human rights violations.

The commission's recommendations include suggestions for payment by businesses of conscience money for their exploitation of labour under apartheid, a national summit of reconciliation next year, and a legislative ban on research into interrogation and torture.

Chief Buthelezi threatened to sue the commission for defamation over the finding in its final report that his IFP colluded with the apartheid regime.

The action marked the first formal move by a party implicated in human rights crimes by the commission. A day after the commission released its report, most of the alleged perpetrators, including Winnie Mandela and several ministers from the apartheid era, maintained a poignant silence.

Comment, page 12

Mob 'justice' follows Ninja killings

John Aglionby in Jakarta

M OBS of terrified Indonesians are taking the law into their own hands to try to end a mysterious murder spree in which more than 150 witch-doctors and Muslim clerics have been killed in Java.

Last week villagers stripped a woman and dragged her to a police station in Rembang district because she had failed to identify herself to them. Then, instead of turning her in, the mob hanged her and burned the body. They threatened to burn down the police station if officers intervened.

In the neighbouring district of Pati, two vegetable sellers accused of being masked "ninja" killers were beaten to death despite being able to produce identity cards.

More than 35 suspected ninjas have been killed in the past few weeks. Some have been left

hanging from trees. In one town a mob beheaded four people and displayed their heads on poles.

The attacks are a response to a wave of murders that began in August in the eastern town of Banyuwangi. At first it appeared as if black-magic practitioners were being targeted but the killers' attention switched to Muslim preachers and members of Indonesia's largest Muslim organisation, Nahdlatul Ulama.

Witnesses say the clerics' attackers were dressed in black ninja-like outfits. Now almost every village has its own vigilante defence force.

A man arrested in the eastern town of Bojonegara last week admitted he was promised money if he killed a Muslim preacher, Suara Pamburuan newspaper reported. He did not say by whom.

Hundreds of people have been arrested but the authorities

cannot explain the attacks.

The army commander, General Subagyo Hadisuwoyo, said that he did not know who the perpetrators were but stressed that the military was not responsible. He admitted that deserters from the special forces might have been involved, but had no proof.

People in eastern Java suspect the military because of its sluggish response and the skill with which the killings have been carried out.

"The ninjas are professional," said shopkeeper Irwan Effendy. "They come in the middle of the night, cut the power, butcher their targets and then slip away. They must have had some sort of training similar to the military."

Other commentators believe the attacks are a manifestation of lawlessness sparked by economic turmoil.

Agent Orange study 'twisted'

Christopher Reed in Los Angeles

THOUSANDS of Vietnam veterans poisoned by the herbicide Agent Orange, now known to cause cancer, were refused compensation or denied treatment because of corruption, concealment and manipulation of a United States air force medical study, it has been claimed.

Richard Albanese, one of four scientists who designed the study, but who was later transferred after making criticisms, has broken his silence in an investigative report by the San Diego Union-Tribune.

Dr Albanese charges military authorities with "a medical crime" in their handling of the report, which was flawed because of its conflict of interest — the air force both sprayed the defoliant and researched its effects.

The study, named after Operation Ranch Hand in which the US sprayed 18 million gallons of Agent

Orange over 3.6 million acres of Vietnamese forests to strip the leaves to expose enemy movements, began in 1979 and will continue into 2006.

It monitors the health of 1,000 military personnel who did the spraying. Many have died or have cancer and other illnesses. Some have fathered children with birth defects.

The air force wrote two reports on Agent Orange in 1984, but published only one. It concluded that little difference appeared between the health of Ranch Hand personnel and a comparison group. But a table was removed which showed that Ranch Hand veterans were "less well" by a 5:1 ratio, that their children had more birth defects, and that they suffered twice as many cancers.

Dr Albanese said the phrase "degree of concern is warranted" was deleted from the report. He said thousands of veterans have not been compensated because of the slanted conclusions.

Russia sinks as crime wave rises

James Meek in Moscow

A HUGE bomb blast killed a St Petersburg businessman; masked assassins murdered a businessman from Bratsk in front of his family; an aide to the Speaker of the Russian parliament was shot in the back of the head; and a gang in the Yaroslavl region were reported to have murdered at least 15 people and buried them in concrete so that they could steal their homes.

It was the toll of a single, relatively quiet week in Russia — and these were only the killings that made the news.

Last month the Russian general prosecutor's office was quoted as

reporting a leap in serious crimes, such as murder and rape, of almost 18 per cent in the first nine months of this year.

It is too early to link the increase conclusively to the financial disaster which struck the country in mid-August. But the report highlights Russia's intractable crime problem, one of the greatest sources of popular anger at the changes that have come about since the collapse of the Soviet Union and the source of much of the desire for a "strong-handed" leader to replace the ineffectual Boris Yeltsin.

It is not only Russians who suffer. A Mormon missionary from the United States was killed and his col-

league wounded in a recent stabbing attack in the Volga city of Ufa. Although Mormons have been the target of religious hostility in Russia, and Ufa is a predominantly Muslim city, the police believe that the attack was simply an act of random violence by a drunk — all too representative of the thousands of senseless, squalid killings and beatings every month on the streets and in the flats of countless bleak estates.

The prosecutor's department has often accused the interior ministry, the source of official crime figures, of grossly underestimating the scale of crime by not registering cases it doubts it can solve — including many murders.

The latest police figures for the first eight months of the year suggest a 1 per cent increase in the number of murders, to 19,500, and a similar rise in robberies. There were 10,900 cases of extortion, an increase of almost 11 per cent.

Russian crime is distinguished by a staggering number of mafia murders of businessmen — hundreds are killed each year — and the low value that gangs of petty thieves and fraudsters put on human life.

The Yaroslavl gang, six members of which have been arrested, are said to have enticed flat-owners from the city with promises of work and then killed them by shooting, strangling or poisoning them. The bodies were hidden in basements while the gang tried to sell the homes.

The claim that the gang was concreting over the bodies when it was

caught echoes a similar horrific tale from Moscow earlier this year, when a garage owner and his helper murdered 11 car owners and buried 10 of them under their workshop.

There has never been a serious attempt at reform of the criminal justice system, which is still corrupt, underpaid and poorly equipped to cope in a vast country where criminals can move around with ease. The system still keeps 1 million Russians in jail — about a third of all Russians who go before a judge are given prison sentences.

Meanwhile there have been few successes in convicting mafia kingpins, hitmen and corrupt officials. It is difficult, and dangerous, for honest police, investigators or journalists to try to break the chain.

Washington Post, page 17

Canadians apologise for abuse

Anne Molloy in Ottawa

THE United Church of Canada has issued an unequivocal apology to thousands of native Indians who were physically and sexually abused at church-operated residential schools.

The declaration marks the first time that any of the Canadian churches that run the prison-like schools for decades have apologised for the cruelly Indian children endured at the hands of their white teachers.

"I am here to speak the words many people have wanted to hear for a long time," the Right Rev Bill Phipps, moderator of the church, said. "We are aware of some of the damage that this cruel and ill-conceived system of assimilation has perpetrated on Canada's First Nations. We are truly and humbly sorry."

Until the mid-1980s, Indian children were routinely forced to go to distant boarding schools intended to "elevate the savages". A 1996 public inquiry found that thousands of youngsters died and many thousands more were physically and sexually abused. At least 1,400 of the victims are suing various churches and the federal government for compensation.

Fearing that apologising would amount to admitting liability, the Anglican, Presbyterian and Roman Catholic churches have all issued statements of repentance and confession but have all stopped short of saying sorry. The United Church is apologising in part because it hopes to reach an out-of-court settlement with litigants.

"Those are nice things to hear, but talk is cheap. Are they going to help make these people the way they once were?" said Harry Daniels, president of the Congress of Aboriginal Peoples.

The prime minister, Jean Chrétien, has said he is ready to accept responsibility for what happened at federally funded schools, but will study each case individually. A spokesman said the government has already settled about 220 claims out of court.

News of the apology came as the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches were informed of two new lawsuits, including a claim for \$900 million on behalf of children who went to the Mohawk residential school in Brantford, Ontario.

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The Week in Britain James Lewis

Heroin in schoolboy's satchel stuns parents

HOW DID a boy of 11 come to have 50 wraps of heroin, with a street value of £500, tucked inside his satchel at Craigton Primary School in the Govan area of Glasgow? The boy and his family have been grilled by police and social workers, but the question has yet to be answered.

There has been a suggestion that he took them to school unwittingly and that they belonged to a known drug dealer. The heroin was said to be "professionally wrapped" in the kind of "210 hits" which can be bought in the more run-down, drug-ridden parts of the city.

But Craigton is considered to be a good school in a relatively prosperous area. Although there is no suggestion that the boy was dealing drugs in the school, parents were shocked by the discovery.

The contents of the boy's satchel were reported by a classmate to his teacher, who called the police. Even officers used to the hard-bitten realities of the city's drugs scene did not expect what they found. "It would be unusual to find that number of heroin wraps on one person at any time — but to find it on a child of 11 is extremely shocking," said one of them.

At another Scottish primary school, in Stirling, a seven-year-old boy handed his teacher a packet of heroin, with a street value of £100. He said he had done it because he was worried about his mother's well-being. A woman of 26 was later reported to the Procurator Fiscal.

In a third case, a young boy was discovered with a large quantity of what was believed to be cannabis at a school for four- to eight-year-olds at Farnham in Surrey.

Keith Hellawell, a former chief constable who was appointed earlier this year as national drugs "tsar", said that urgent action was needed to stop isolated cases like these — where children came into contact with drugs through their families — becoming a trend. Meanwhile the Scottish education minister, Helen Liddell, has set up an emergency team to deal with drug incidents in schools.

In common with all Glasgow primary schools, pupils at Craigton had regular lessons on the dangers of drugs — including visits by former addicts.

In January Allan Harper, a 13-year-old from Cranhill, east Glasgow, was found dead from a heroin overdose. Since then research at Glasgow university has revealed that one in 10 children in Scotland had taken drugs before the age of 10 and about 400 children in the 11 to 12 age group have tried heroin.

PEOPLE who live near major rivers can expect to pay higher premiums for their home insurance next year following heavy rain and the worst flooding for 30 years that has affected large areas of the Welsh border counties, the West Midlands and, to a lesser extent, southern areas of England.

The River Severn, which rose by more than 6m higher than normal, breaching its banks and man-made defences over a 100-mile stretch, caused most of the damage, affecting thousands of homes around Shrewsbury and Telford. Inshore

lifeboats were positioned at various points in the Midlands to take the elderly and infirm from their flooded homes to places of safety.

Parts of Hereford disappeared under water when the River Wye broke its banks and reached a record peak of 6.5m above normal. Not since the hurricane which battered much of Britain 11 years ago has the country suffered such high rainfall for October.

ANOTHER package of Labour welfare reforms, this time concentrating on disability benefits, was artfully constructed in such a way as to disarm those who feared a programme of deep cuts.

The Social Security Secretary, Alistair Darling, aims to cut £750 million a year from disability benefits, which now account for around £24 billion, or a quarter of the total social security budget.

New benefit claimants will be required to attend interviews with "personal advisers" on jobs and training, and there will be a claw-back in benefits for those claimants who already have a private pension or health insurance worth more than £50 a week.

Denying that the Government was embracing American-style "workfare", the minister said there would be an additional £30 million available for disabled work-seekers, £25 a week more for the disabled young, and a new "disability income guarantee" to underpin the incomes of the poorest disabled people.

Responding to criticism that the Government was expecting disabled people to find employment, Mr Darling said the theme of his reform was: "Work for those who can, and security for those who cannot."

THE Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, Sir Paul Condon, who is leading a purge of corrupt officers, said that wages for recruits had fallen so dangerously low that "you are almost inviting them to indulge in malpractice".

Recruits to the Met earn £18,000, but receive no London living allowance. That didn't mean that they all went off and did bad things, said Sir Paul, "but if you're serious about integrity, you must make sure there is a reasonable level of pay and conditions that... doesn't tempt them into malpractice".

John Wadham, director of the rights group Liberty, said: "It would be a shocking world if the only way in which we could ensure honesty was to pay our police so much that they were rich enough never to be bribed."

MUSLIMS are, in law, a religious rather than an ethnic group, and are therefore not covered by the Race Relations Act.

This was the High Court ruling of Mr Justice Tucker, who rejected an appeal by the London council of Merton against the Crown Prosecution Service's decision not to prosecute Paul Ballard, of the extreme rightwing British National party, over stickers asserting "Rights for Whites" and leaflets campaigning against the conversion of an old dairy into a mosque.



Reconciliation... Prince Andrew and President Menem of Argentina outside St Paul's cathedral in London

Old enemies make peace

DENZIL Connick did something last week that was one beyond his wildest imaginings. He shook hands after a ceremony at St Paul's cathedral with the president of the country whose troops caused him to lose a leg in the Falklands 16 years ago, writes John Ezard.

Later, the Queen gave lunch to a man whose soldiers once tried hard to kill her son, Prince Andrew.

In a more practical symbol of the new stage in reconciliation between Britain and Argentina, the two countries also signed a defence agreement paving the way to closer co-operation between their armed forces.

President Carlos Menem marked his regret for the 1982 Argentine invasion of the Falklands by laying flowers on the memorial to the 250 British dead at St Paul's. His daughter Zulema stood weeping as he did so.

His most aristocratic escort was Prince Andrew, who piloted a Royal Naval helicopter during the conflict. On his official visit to Britain, President Menem was reciprocating the prince's recent gesture during a visit to Buenos Aires in laying a wreath on the Malvinas veterans' memorial.

Air hostess 'feared for life'

Sarah Hall

A DRUNKEN passenger smashed a vodka bottle over the head of an airline stewardess, then raked the jagged glass over her body at the end of a flight to Malaga, Spain, last week.

Fiona Weir, aged 31, from Wimbledon, South London, needed 40 stitches after the attack in the galley of the Airtours flight from Gatwick.

Four passengers pinned down the man as Ms Weir staggered down the aircraft steps and collapsed on the tarmac. "I just knew if I didn't get out of that aircraft he was going to kill me."

But Ms Weir said her attacker, Steven Handy, would not make her give up work. "I love my job and I'm not having him put me out of the career I have been doing for such a long time."

Cleared sex case teacher to sue council

David Ward

A TEACHER who was sacked, despite being cleared in three inquiries of a sex assault against a pupil, is to sue a local authority for £200,000.

"I want my reputation back," said Lance Dowson, who taught disturbed and abused children in the care of Stockport social services until his suspension in 1995.

The accusation was made by a 18-year-old girl, who used drugs. Mr Dowson, aged 55, claims he had almost no contact with her, although she alleged he made her have sex with him. Later she alleged rape.

Council officials cleared Mr Dowson after an internal inquiry. The case was later reported to the police, who found there was no

evidence to support the girl's claims. Stockport's social services department then asked for it to be examined by the Crown Prosecution Service, which found no grounds for charges.

Despite being cleared after inquiries lasting more than a year, Mr Dowson was told by the council that he could not go back to work. Weir by the process and suffering depression, Mr Dowson agreed to take early retirement in November 1996. However, an industrial tribunal later ruled that he had been forced to choose between doing a deal with the council or having no income — he had therefore been dismissed. The two sides reached an out-of-court settlement.

Now Mr Dowson is claiming the council made 17 breaches of his contract, and is seeking damages. He said that despite working for more than 30 years with victims of violence and sexual abuse he is now "totally ruined financially, emotionally, everything".

Just before Mr Dowson was due to return to work after the internal inquiry, he was told police had been informed because social services officials feared charges of a cover-up. Seven weeks after being cautioned and interviewed, he was told there was no evidence to support the girl's claims.

"I feel as if I am the one who has been abused... I was never given a clear account by the council of my offence... and Stockport has never issued a statement to say that I have been cleared of the accusations against me."

clinic where she needed several stitches in her back and arm. She also had a badly bruised face.

A spokesman for Airtours, which has seen a catalogue of incidents involving drunken passengers in recent years, said the passenger had not been given alcohol on the flight. "This is certainly the worst attack we've suffered as an airline. We will ban this man for life and we'll be informing other UK airlines."

Mr Handy said Ms Weir provoked him. "She was aggressive so I did her," he said. He admitted he should not have used the bottle.

Mr Handy was freed on bail by a Spanish judge and was due back in court this week.

Richard Branson, the chairman of Virgin Atlantic, has called on airlines to operate a global passenger blacklist against dangerous travellers. He said he planned to create a shared database with Airtours this week.

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
November 8 1998

In Brief

LABOUR MPs demanded more effective, credible, and independent scrutiny of the security and intelligence agencies as the Commons debated the activities of MI5, MI6 and GCHQ for the first time.

DRUG abuse is so prevalent among workers that one in 10, including the over-60s and senior executives, are testing positive for illicit substances, according to the Forensic Science Service.

THOUSANDS of students launched the biggest national protest against tuition fees, amid warnings by their lenders that hardship was at record levels.

RENEGADE loyalist terrorists in Belfast admitted they murdered a Catholic man, Brian Service, selecting him at random and firing five bullets into his head and back. Politicians appealed for calm amid fears of a return to tit-for-tat killings.

THE probation service was ordered to take action after Home Office research revealed that five murders and five rapes a month were linked to criminals under its supervision.

THE parents of Matthew Bappen, the baby killed by Louise Woodward, have launched a multi-million dollar damages claim in an effort to stop her making money from the case.

THE case of three men — Michael O'Brien, Ellis Sherwood and Darren Hall — jailed for life for the murder of a Cardiff newsgang member less than 10 years ago has been referred back to the Court of Appeal.

WATERSTONE'S is to open the largest bookshop in the world with a million books stored on six miles of shelves at the Simpson store in central London.

JOHAN MAJOR overstepped the Tory line by describing hereditary peers as an anachronism and setting out his own proposals for a second chamber.

TOUGH measures to stem the sale of sports fields are to be introduced following fears that their sale is hampering the development of young sports stars and depriving communities of adequate facilities.

THE Conservatives called on Tony Blair to sack Alan Meale, junior environment minister, after revelations about his business affairs and a researcher's pass to the Commons for a Greek Cypriot millionaire friend.

SPECULATION has started in earnest about the next Post Laureate following the death of Ted Hughes. Obituary, page 29

'Moment of madness' minister quits

Michael White

THE OUSTED Welsh Secretary Ron Davies on Monday coupled an emotional appeal for a more tolerant atmosphere in public life with a bitter attack on irresponsible "media intrusion" into his private life since an incident in a London park triggered his resignation from Tony Blair's cabinet.

Mr Davies last week admitted a "moment of madness" in which he agreed to go off "for a meal" with three strangers after an encounter on Clapham Common. But neither Mr Blair nor close political allies knew exactly what happened.

In a rare personal statement to a hushed Commons, the Caerphilly MP shed no fresh light on the encounter that led to his downfall.

Mr Davies told MPs he had failed to protect his personal safety and "became the victim of what was for me a frightening and shocking crime... The process of law will now take its course. For that reason I will make no further comment on that aspect of the matter."

But on the question of his own sexuality he ambiguously conceded: "We are what we are. We are all different, the products both of our genes and our experiences." Some MPs took that as a tacit admission of bisexuality.

Mr Davies's equally cryptic admission that "in my own childhood I learned a hard lesson at a very early age — you can't allow powerful people to bully the weak or to abuse their own power" also puzzled many of his colleagues. Within minutes of his sitting down, it emerged that Mr Davies was referring to brutal treatment by his father.

MPs were divided by Mr Davies's statement to the Commons, some sympathising with his complaints about media hounding, others unimpressed by his lack of candour and appeal for victim status. Either way Mr Davies is persuaded that he has received enough public support since the scandal broke — especially in Wales — to warrant him staying on as an MP and prospective Welsh Assembly member.



Ron Davies, who resigned last week over a 'nocturnal encounter'

But he will not be its leader. This week the Welsh Labour executive began moves to pick a new leader, probably Alan Michael, who was given Mr Davies's old job as Welsh Secretary.

In his personal statement to MPs, granted by the Speaker but very rare in the Commons, Mr Davies contrasted the flood of letters and phone calls with the "stream of rubbish" in the media.

He warned that the hounding of people for "one mistake" may deter people from standing for public office, and denounced lives being "picked over and twisted out of all recognition" for public titillation.

Such claims could rebound on Mr Davies if prosecutions in the case confirm unsavoury allegations against him.

Mr Davies's resignation from the Cabinet dealt a significant blow to the Government's squeaky-clean reputation and brought the turbulent Welsh Secretary's Cabinet career to an end.

With Mr Davies reluctant to say more than to deny it had been a "sexual encounter", shocked MPs were left to draw their own conclusions. Few doubted that sex was a central factor in the incident in a public park known as a gay cruising haunt.

Labour signals euro move Anger over Mandelson memo

Larry Elliott and David Gow

THE Government sent out clear signs on Monday that it is warming to the idea of British membership of the single European currency.

As the Chancellor, Gordon Brown and the Trade and Industry Secretary Peter Mandelson ratcheted up their support for monetary union, government sources insisted that there had been no shift in policy towards the euro — but the warmer language prompted an immediate claim from the Tories that the die had been cast.

Mr Mandelson told the CBI conference in Birmingham that it was "economic lunacy" for the sake of Eurosceptic ideology, to marginalise British business on the sidelines of what should be its home market, as official Conservative policy on the single currency threatens to do.

"We have made it clear that we will join the single currency when it is in Britain's economic interests to do so."

The Conservative leader, William Hague, said that by making it plain

that it was a question of "when" Britain would join rather than "if", the Government had revealed its true intentions.

Gerhard Schröder, Germany's new Chancellor, also speaking at the conference, expressed optimism that Labour would sign up for the euro soon when he used his first big speech abroad to welcome the UK Chancellor's timetable for the abolition of the pound.

Mr Brown meanwhile kept to the agreed government line on the single currency when he said that his outline changeover plan, due in January, would set out the practical steps which would be needed "if the UK were to join the euro".

Mr Schröder said: "We hope from the depths of our heart that the UK will soon join. I explicitly welcome Gordon Brown's declaration about drawing up a schedule for the UK's entry into monetary union."

The German chancellor, fresh from talks in Downing Street with the Prime Minister, praised Tony Blair's "clever and astute policy towards Europe" and stressed that Bonn and London were following similar policies.

Janine Gibson

THE BBC this week defended its one-sentence internal memorandum banning reference to the private life of Peter Mandelson, Trade and Industry Secretary, which has prompted claims of censorship, inconsistency and bias.

Released late last week, the memo from Ann Sloman, policy executive, read: "Please will all programmes note that under no circumstances whatsoever should the allegation about the private life of Peter Mandelson be repeated or referred to on any broadcast."

Mr Mandelson's sexuality became an issue last week when the Times columnist Matthew Parris named him on BBC2's Newsnight as one of two gay members of the Cabinet. Mr Parris, a former MP, came out as gay after his term in Parliament.

A spokeswoman said: "The BBC's guidelines say we do not report speculation about the private lives of public figures unless there is a wider issue of public concern."

The memo has been attacked by politicians, presenters and produc-

ers. Guests and employees have alluded to censorship.

Mr Mandelson joined the controversy, accusing the BBC of "a blunder". He said that it had provided the Tories with an opportunity to mount an attack.

Although Mr Mandelson has not complained to the BBC, a source said: "The BBC has clear guidelines and there was no need to mention individuals in the memo. The BBC needs to be more professional."

Several programmes were affected by the edit. Jonathan Dimbleby, host of Any Questions, and his guest Mo Mowlam, Northern Ireland Secretary, have told of their incredulity when briefed on the memo. Ms Mowlam called it a "serious error on behalf of the BBC".

A spokesman for Mr Mandelson said: "It has been commented on in the press many times before. I don't think this is particularly remarkable."

One MP said it should be up to MPs to decide whether to speak about their sexuality. "This was a very tired and overdone outing tactic. It was not exactly pioneering and brave. It was unnecessary."

John G. Jones

When the truth is not enough

TO THE dead, wrote Voltaire, we owe only truth. In cold reason his view can hardly be faulted. But to their family and friends, especially when their loved ones died at another's hand, something more is required if the pain of loss is to be healed. Justice? Compensation? Reconciliation? Whether the issue is the Chile of Augusto Pinochet or the apartheid regime of South Africa, the opportunity to answer the questions posed by political crimes while memories are fresh is a novel phenomenon.

In its monumental report after two-and-a-half years' work, Archbishop Desmond Tutu's commission in South Africa has clearly found it easier to deal with the first part of the "truth and what?" question. Even the recounting of truth is a process of selectivity. By trying to be comprehensive, the archbishop has alienated many South Africans. The African National Congress is particularly aggrieved at being accused of gross human rights violations, but its reaction is unworthy. The commission has made it clear that its struggle against apartheid was justified, including the use of armed force. There is no suggestion of equivalence between the evils of a system that was a crime against humanity and the abuses, however serious and including murder, which ANC members committed.

Indeed, the commission's denunciation of apartheid is fuller than expected, far outweighing the space given to ANC wrongs. Virtually every facet of white society under apartheid is flayed, from the churches to the media to the medical profession. This is ground-breaking material, which explodes the myth that apartheid was a construct of the Afrikaner-dominated National Party that English-speaking South Africans found distasteful. Many English-speakers, as well as a fair number of Afrikaners, opposed apartheid and were jailed or

killed, but the commission is right to point out how every part of the white establishment had a hand in maintaining the system. Even the judiciary is not spared. The occasional cases when judges threw out government cases and acquitted political defendants were rare in comparison with the day-to-day collaboration of lawyers with apartheid. The commission argues that if more judges had taken a stand the government might have had to bypass the courts altogether and thereby expose the degeneracy of its policies more devastatingly.

In terms of justice in the sense of bringing the guilty to court and punishment the exercise has been less effective. Indeed, it has often worked in contradiction to it by allowing villains to ask for amnesty. But the very process of rejecting amnesty has allowed the victims of apartheid and the relatives of the murdered to expose guilty men to the glare of publicity. The exposure of truth is also a form of justice in the court of public opinion, even if it does not lead to conviction and sentence.

The commission also breaks new ground by its calls for compensation, particularly from the business community and the wealthy. This would not be as comprehensive as the reparations demanded from the German state that succeeded the Nazis, but more on the lines of the awards being made in Australia, Canada and the United States for the suppression of indigenous peoples. But it is right that the beneficiaries of apartheid should pay something back. Much of the tension in the "new" South Africa, including the resentment underlying part of the crime wave, arises from the almost total failure of most whites to accept any need for redress. It also explains why the ANC feels so offended by the commission's decision to ask the liberation movement for yet more Christian contrition while the beneficiaries of South Africa's grotesque apartheid-era inequalities carry on almost unchanged. The simple — and usually dishonest — plea that "We didn't know" does not remove the need to make amends once the truth is made known.

Jenkins offers a vote that counts

THE report of the Jenkins Commission on the Voting System was bound to be a treasure trove of electoral data and political arcane, and it did not disappoint. The familiar alphabet-soup of voting reform was all there — from STV to AMS, AV to FPTP — along with the much-loved invocations of the German model, the New Zealand precedent and the Israeli threshold. For those who have spent a lifetime burrowing away in the undergrowth of proportional representation, last week offered a long-dreamed-of moment in the sun. But for the rest of the nation, too — including those who, as Roy Jenkins admits, have shown "no surging popular agitation for change" — the report is of enormous significance. It lays out a potential solution to a problem that has dogged British democracy from its earliest days. It offers a way for Britons to organise society better and rule themselves more fairly.

In prose that betrays the author's dual life as an historian and biographer, Lord Jenkins has constructed an impressive argument. First, he sets out the well-known drawbacks of the present system, from the disproportionate emphasis it places on 150 or so marginal seats to its knack for ignoring voters who do not back winners, from its frequent creation of "landslide" governments with less than 50 per cent of popular support to its unfair squeeze of third parties. Against that backdrop, and after addressing all the rival options, the five wise heads of the commission propose a mixed system — one that would select constituency MPs through an alternative vote and then top up that number with more MPs, selected by a formula reflecting the balance of votes cast in a county-sized or city-wide area.

It sounds complicated — and that could be one of the biggest obstacles in its way — but this new method might well fix the key problems of first-past-the-post and allay some of the fears that have traditionally put voters off PR. Under the new method every MP will be able to claim the backing of a majority of voters: not all of them will have chosen the winner as a first preference, but they will at least have endorsed the candidate as a second, or occasionally third, choice. That's an improvement on the system of pluralities Britain now has, where an MP can get elected against the explicit wishes of 60 per cent of his or her constituents.

Suddenly there will be no such thing as a wasted

vote: even if a voter's first choice was a fringe candidate, his or her other choices may well find their way to Westminster. Labour voters in rural heartlands, or Tory voters in the inner city, will no longer be pushed aside. Politicians will have to court people beyond their traditional base, for their fate may hinge on the second preferences of voters they once ignored. In a Jenkins world there will be no "deserts" — the Tory-free zone of 1990s Scotland or the 1980s Labour-free zone of the English South — because parties with a small but significant share of the vote will have a place. The Liberal Democrats will finally have bench-space in Westminster that more accurately reflects their popularity in the country.

And yet these improvements will not mean sacrificing all that defenders of the current system cherish. Crucially, MPs will still come from somewhere — they will still represent specific geographic areas, whether the current constituencies or the proposed Top-Up counties. Nor will party bosses be handed a new source of patronage. The commission's preference for open, rather than closed, lists for the Top-Up members means voters will not surrender to apparitions the right to choose who represents them. Jenkins also makes a good case that coalitions — much reviled by the FPTP crowd — are not that much more likely under the new method.

There are hesitations, of course. The complexity of the Alternative Vote system may deter many voters, no matter how much "neutral education" they receive. Only experience of the system in action will really change that. Stronger is the complaint that no such reform of the House of Commons makes sense until a decision is taken about what to do with Britain's second chamber — and the rest of the government machinery. Devolution and the Bill of Rights are changing everything, yet Britain still lacks a coherent sense of how the whole knits together. Many progressive folk may feel wary of this incremental, patchwork, terribly British approach — demanding a complete vision of our constitution which could be either endorsed or rejected in a referendum.

PR advocates will oppose that. They prefer to seize the opportunity to do something than wait to do everything. They may be right. For the moment, it all depends on the Prime Minister. Will he implement Jenkins? He welcomed the report with more than neutral warmth, though with little urgency. Action will probably be delayed into the next parliament. Meantime there should be a loud, engaged debate on what is now a concrete proposal. We welcome it, and believe the burden is now on traditionalists to prove why this change will not improve British politics — and its national life.

True democrats know when it's time to go

Peter Preston

IT IS the oldest, deepest cause of wounded pride and political crisis arising every year, perhaps every month, to bring the mighty to their knees. But because it is so common, its motivation so banal, we seldom write of it alone as the reason why great men go bump overnight. Let us call it the Lear Syndrome, and let's find a cure.

Did you see the look on Helmut Kohl's face last week as the Bundestag elected his successor? Set, dour, sunken: he even seemed a smaller man as the power passed from him. I watched his departure — by happenstance — on television in Kuala Lumpur, where another dominant, but ageing leader was beginning to feel the winds of change whistling round his ankles. The Lear Syndrome never rests. Mahathir Mohamad has been prime minister of Malaysia for 17 years now and, though trimmer than Helmut, with thicker, darker hair, is actually five years older, plunging into his middle 70s. He attacks the Western press incessantly, which does not make him best beloved of the Western press.

In good times that may not matter much. Mahathir's Malaysia knows a lot about good times and the soaring growth rates that have built cities of skyscrapers as well as gross per capita income. It has only recently learned that the good times do not roll for ever, and that all men — even prime ministers making long speeches — are mortal too. And, of course, there's the distressing matter of his erstwhile deputy and putative successor, Anwar Ibrahim, whose trial on an ever escalating list of sex and corruption charges started this week.

I don't propose here to get into any of that murky stuff. The trial will stretch over many months. It's public, with teams of outside observers, and billed as an open test of Malaysian justice. Very well. We saw Anwar's black eye, inflicted in custody: now we shall see what happens next. But it is a symptom, not a cause, of the Lear Syndrome. There have been some nasty riotings, and the streets of Kuala Lumpur were thick with police and gun-toting troops last weekend.

None of these events means that Malaysia is suddenly a society hovering on the brink of chaos. It is not. None of them means that the economic miracle the prime minister built with his "Asian way" is about to come crashing down. It is not. There are tolerable hopes of modest recovery next year. What they do signal, however, in the mind of thoughtful Malaysians, is that a natural cycle may be coming to an end.

The allegations against Anwar, for instance, aren't new. They have been popping up in police circles for years. But Mahathir doesn't seem to have picked them up or, if he did, to have given them credence. Only last year, resting for two months after a heart bypass, he let Anwar run the shop. Who does that remind you of? Not Tony Blair. More the last days of Macmillan complaining that "no body told him anything" about the Profumo débacle. The guilt or innocence of Anwar is not material. The sense of surprise at the story in its uncontested development very defi-

nitely is. It sends a signal easily read. Worse, because there is now no obvious successor, it seems to portend more years of things just going on as usual.

Mahathir doesn't deserve to go out on such a low note when, eventually, it sounds for him. His energy has been legendary, his drive and determination exemplary. He has been autocratic, to be sure, building a parliamentary hegemony that looks — through the prism of state TV and a superficially fawning press — to lie beyond easy challenge. But he inherited a new country where the blood of ethnic violence flowed too readily, and he has bound those wounds tight. History ought to treat him kindly. He had strength when it was needed.

But history is dictated by what happens at the close, and that is the question now. Is today's Malaysia a mature society after a decade and a half of growth, prosperity and education? Is it ready for the next, more open phase of development? Does it want a democracy that offers the prospect of change and a possibility which can reflect that? Is it a child that has put away childish things?

The Lear Syndrome can be encapsulated in four ordinary little words: Time for a change. Time for a change from the stridencies of Margaret Thatcher. Time for a change from the brutal autocracy of her old mate, General Augusto Pinochet. Time for the big man in Bonn to pack his bags and not go to Berlin. Time for Boris Yeltsin to stop being a gasping parody of his former self. Time for Suharto to go, go, go.

ONE CAN see why military dictators hang on too long. They tend to fly with ripped parachutes. But elected politicians are different, and the frequent tragedy is that the more formidable they are, the slower they are at recognising that success involves managed transition, a time to pass the baton. De Gaulle didn't recognise the runes and paid in humiliation. Churchill devoted his memory in his last hurrah. Blair says that 10 years are enough — but what will he say eight years from now? There is an answer, but it is one that the elective dictatorship of Britain never talks about — term limits.

The United States has them. No more Clinton any which way two years this week. Americans would like to extend them to get rid of the ancient dealers of Senate influence. New powers, like the Philippines, have them and use them brilliantly.

Whom do we want to put in the House of Reformed Lords? We ponder for a formula, but why not elect from a "Senate" list of MPs who have spent more than 20 years in the Commons and ministers who have spent more than 10 years in Cabinet — that is, from the legions of the older and wiser, the truly Senatorial? Make the Commons younger and fresher. Set a term at the top.

The Lear Syndrome is an affliction. It turns the gift of legacy into an agony of hanging on. It is the enemy of continuity and the laggard of self-delusion. Time to go. A suitable case for global treatment. By chance, you may be charmed to know, the King of Malaysia is elected by his fellow Sultans for a set five years, a single, transferable monarchy. Now that's what I call a system.

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Repent now, while you can

Ariel Dorfman, the Chilean writer, makes a personal plea to Pinochet

BELIEVE ME, General: your detention in London is the best thing that could have happened to you. I understand that it can't be pleasant to be arrested without warning, not to be able to amble along the streets of Chelsea whenever you feel like it, not to know what future awaits you. Just ask the many Chileans who, when your men came for them in the middle of the night, were not exactly lodged in five-star London clinics.

But if you're scared, and you feel alone, and you think you've been stabbed in the back, perhaps you should consider that destiny may have offered you at the very end of your life a providential chance to save your soul. You have, for the last 25 years, been living an illusion, constructing a sham version of yourself, obsessively justifying it. Faking innocence since the 1973 coup, in fact since the death of Salvador Allende, the president who named you commander-in-chief and whom you betrayed.

That first act of treachery was followed by others, an inevitable avalanche of betrayals, because the first great crime always needs to be covered up with more crimes. Dictators aspire to total power in order to seek refuge from the demons they have unleashed. As a way of silencing their ghosts, they demand to be surrounded by a rampart of flattering mirrors and genuflecting counsellors that assure the tyrant that yes, you are the most beautiful of them all, the best, the one who knows more. And you ended up believing them, General.

You defended yourself from what you had done, what you were doing, with the isolating walls of your supposed invulnerability, the conviction that nobody would ever hold you accountable, that there was one law for you and a different law for your compatriots. And when Chileans rejected you in a plebiscite in 1988 and forced you to leave the presidency in 1990, you were able, with an uncanny instinct, to trap the whole country in a transition to democracy where you would never have to answer for not even one of your deeds or your words, a transition where you were the only one who was really free to say and do what you wanted whenever you wanted to.

We couldn't, given the terms of the transaction we agreed to under the shadow of your gun, express our true emotions, fearful that if you didn't like our latest move you would just up and kick the table on which the game was being played, threaten the player who had dared to trump your card. We got our democracy back, General, but you set the limits of how far and deep that democracy could go.

And then you confused your country with the world. You thought you could travel to England, a nation that symbolised civility and civilisation to you. You thought that the English would respect the rules and compact of Chile, would be as subservient as Chile.

It is doubly sweet to think that you ensnared yourself, General, that it was the same arrogance with which you governed that ended up blinding you, befuddling your sense of reality, lulling you into the fantasy that you could always impose your will upon everybody else, insulating

yourself as a guarantee that you would never have to look at the nearby pain you had caused others.

That's why this detention, no matter how temporary, is so healthy for you. Also for our country, of course, because it forces all Chileans to look at each other face to face, it tests our democracy, its real strength, its possible precariousness. It finally compels us to confront the need to resolve this complex, ambiguous and eternal transition that you have restricted and cramped with your overwhelming, omnipresent shadow.

I want you to know, General, that I don't believe in the death penalty. What I do believe in is human redemption. Even yours, General, and

gusto Pinochet. That is why, for the past 25 years, I've wanted so much for this to come to pass: that at least once before your death your blue eyes would have to look at the black and clear eyes of the women whose sons and husbands and fathers and brothers you kidnapped and disappeared.

I wanted them to have the opportunity to tell you how their lives were fractured and ravaged by an order you gave or an order you never blocked. I have asked myself what would happen if you were required to listen day after day to the numberless stories of your victims, if you had to recognise their existence.

You believe in God, General, and

therefore might be able to decipher what your wise and compassionate and severe Lord has sent you as your life draws to a close: the chance to repent. To penetrate in the fierce circle of your crimes and ask forgiveness and tell us where our dead lie buried. Personally, as far as I'm concerned, that would be enough. It would be punishment enough. And think of what a great contribution to the country you say you love: you could help our shared motherland take one more step in the arduous, tentative task of reconciliation, which is only possible if the terrible truth of what has been done to us is revealed and acknowledged, if you participate in this bruising search for that truth without lying to us or yourself.

Remember what history and religion and also literature teach us: the

best thing that can happen to a criminal is to be captured, because in his solitary cell, without the habitual defences with which he has hidden his past from himself, at times the miracle of a minute window opens inside the prisoner's heart, a window that might lead to self-awareness and redemption.

No, I really don't believe that now that your body has been captured for a brief span, you will use the occasion to find the spiritual path to act like a genuinely free man, someone who can forswear his fear and comprehend the enigma of his life, can suddenly see himself as the immense majority of humanity sees him, can understand why we want to exorcise him. Exorcise you and so many other despots in this century of mass genocide. It's never too late, General. — *The Observer*

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2906/98

Brazil has to bite the bullet and cut spending

Alex Bellos in Rio de Janeiro

BRAZIL'S minister of finance, Pedro Malan, unveiled long-awaited austerity measures last week aimed at reducing the mounting public debt in an attempt to extricate the country from the financial crisis that has engulfed the globe.

In a live television broadcast Mr Malan announced a package that he hopes will save \$24 billion next year and give Brazil a budget surplus in real terms for the first time in recent history.

The move should pave the way for a \$30 billion aid package supplied by the International Monetary Fund, which could help boost both investor confidence and take pressure off the Brazilian currency, the real.

Mr Malan reinforced the message of President Fernando Cardoso in his address the night before, that the country's main challenge was to reduce the massive civil service and pension budget.

Mr Malan wants to raise social security payments for civil servants and collect them from pensioners. That is the most controversial part of the package because public workers have an almost sacred-cow status in Brazil and the government could face an uphill task in getting Congress approval.

The cuts and taxes should produce an overall surplus of 2.6 per cent for the public sector in 1999. The São Paulo stock exchange reacted positively to Mr Malan's statement, but some analysts were less positive.

"The package of measures is not much different than so many others that have failed in the past," said Denisard Alves, chairman of the Economics department at the University of São Paulo. "Congress will most likely oppose much of it and doom it to failure."

Mark Atkinson adds: Global financial markets gave a cool response to moves last week by the Group of Seven leading industrial nations to shore up the global financial system and prevent further outbreaks of turmoil.

Despite world leaders publishing a comprehensive programme of reform, stock markets in London and New York rose only modestly, with Wall Street posting a 1 per cent gain and the FTSE closing up 79 points at 5438.4.

The G7 reassured investors that they would continue with expansionary macroeconomic policies to avert the threat of a world recession and announced the establishment of a new, United States-inspired emergency facility at the IMF from which countries can borrow at commercial rates to prevent them falling victim to financial contagion.

UK Treasury sources indicated that G7 support for countries in difficulty would in future be contingent on banks and other lenders bearing part of the burden by, for instance, agreeing to debt restructurings.

At the heart of the new approach is a commitment to adopt transparent policies so that difficulties can be spotted before they escalate into a crisis, including compliance with new codes of conduct on fiscal policy and monetary and financial policy.

In Brief

BRITISH Airways moved to protect its booming profits on the transatlantic routes by putting its strategic alliance with American Airlines on the back burner. BA will instead expand its "one world" deal with American, Cathay Pacific, Canadian Airlines and Qantas over the next five years in the hope that regulatory issues are settled in the meantime.

THE chief executive of the Rank Group resigned as the UK leisure conglomerate said profits had collapsed over the past three months. Andrew Teare led Rank for two and a half years, during which time the share price fell by 50 per cent. Despite this, he is now in line for a pay-off of about \$1.6 million.

DEUTSCHE Bank, Germany's largest bank, announced a loss of \$136 million and said it had suffered a 95 per cent collapse in its operating profit, to \$42 million, in the last quarter. Deutsche is thought to be one of the banks with greatest exposure in Russia.

THE British government signalled its withdrawal of support for the controversial Multilateral Agreement on Investment. Although the OECD denies that the MAI is dead, a growing number of its members are calling for the draft pact to be transferred to the World Trade Organisation. Meanwhile WTO head Renato Ruggiero has called for a new global body to negotiate environmental protection rules.

JAIL sentences could be imposed on English accountants and lawyers who help foreign clients avoid tax in their home countries, following the disclosure of a Treasury counsel opinion. This means that institutions taking money from clients in the former Soviet Union, where tax compliance is as low as 25 per cent, may have to turn such business away.

MORE than 600 jobs have gone at the London International Financial Futures and Options Exchange as a result of strong Frankfurt competition.

FOREIGN EXCHANGES

	Starting rates November 2	Starting rates October 28
Australia	2.6370-2.6700	2.7295-2.7333
Austria	13.35-16.37	16.50-18.82
Belgium	58.74-58.84	67.18-67.29
Canada	2.5888-2.5888	2.6057-2.6088
Denmark	10.48-10.47	10.52-10.65
France	9.22-9.23	9.26-9.30
Germany	2.7510-2.7542	2.7728-2.7765
Hong Kong	12.00-12.01	13.08-13.07
Ireland	1.1041-1.1084	1.1110-1.1130
Italy	2.722-2.724	2.742-2.745
Japan	191.46-191.73	190.82-200.19
Netherlands	3.1030-3.1056	3.1272-3.1298
New Zealand	3.1377-3.1442	3.2176-3.2238
Norway	12.20-12.21	12.32-12.33
Portugal	262.00-262.45	264.24-264.61
Spain	233.81-234.11	235.51-236.82
Sweden	12.93-12.95	12.95-12.98
Switzerland	2.2487-2.2497	2.2643-2.2672
USA	1.5874-1.5883	1.6880-1.6870
ECU	1.4013-1.4031	1.4092-1.4110

FRANKFURT SHARE INDEX: DOWN 6.0 AT 5633.8, FTSE 100 UP 79 AT 5438.4, DAX 30 UP 81.50 AT 5885.35.

Boeing battles to stay airborne

Production problems, the East Asian crisis and a thrusting new rival are all putting pressure on the world's top plane-maker, writes Chris Barrie

IN SEATTLE'S Museum of Flight last week, executives from two of the world's most powerful companies gathered for a celebratory dinner. Sitting beneath aircraft suspended from the high ceiling, British Airways and Boeing managers raised their glasses to one of those milestones the airline business so relishes.

Bob Dick, one of BA's most senior engineers, taking delivery of the airline's 50th 747-400 jumbo jet, toasted Boeing's heritage and promised to keep buying. Boeing's vice-president of 747 and 767 programmes, Ed Renaud, raised BA and promised to be its "favourite supplier of aircraft". Engine-maker Rolls-Royce, supplier to both companies, praised them both. It appeared as harmonious as any transatlantic relationship.

But, as the fleet mignon and cabernet savignon slipped down 100 throats, the speeches did no more than hint obliquely at the Herculean struggle of the world's leading aircraft manufacturer to take its 238,000 employees into a new era. For Boeing is facing a high-octane challenge from its much younger rival, Airbus Industrie — a tie-up of European manufacturers including British Aerospace. The challenger is threatening to steal Boeing's crown by claiming a greater share of new orders and, further ahead, of the overall market.

Airbus recently won a deal worth potentially \$9 billion from BA for up to 180 short-haul jets. Although BA ordered a clutch of long-haul Boeing 777s, the United States firm was bitterly disappointed at the infidelity of a mainstay client.

Boeing has been rocked by its inability to manage its own production processes. Blinded by the need to win orders against Airbus, it committed itself to making huge numbers of aircraft, then found it could not deliver orders on time.

Despite buoyant demand, Boeing's profit margins plunged as it paid through the nose for overtime, rush delivery of parts, and compensation to airlines. Last year the group made a loss of \$178 million,



Delayed flight... Production problems have hit delivery dates for the 747

PHOTOGRAPH: GEORGE HALL

its first for 50 years. Its third-quarter results, although in profit by \$347 million, revealed margins for next year were likely to be a measly 3-4 per cent.

A leaked memo to a Seattle-based newspaper reveals that United Parcel Service and United Airlines regard Boeing as a "dysfunctional organisation".

As if symbolic of the problems, the handover of BA's jumbo jet was delayed last weekend.

Boeing began its turnaround by sacking Ron Woodard, head of the civil aircraft business. Some Wall Street analysts suggested chairman and chief executive officer Phil Condit should have gone too. But Boeing executives admit no sacking will have any effect without a wide-ranging change of culture and emphasis.

There is not much time. Mr Woodard's replacement, Alan Mulally, senior vice-president of the commercial airplane group, says the Asia-Pacific economic crisis makes him "very concerned". Dan Olsson, regional director, product marketing for Asia-Pacific, warns that the cycle of airline orders may be about to turn down.

From Interstate Highway 5, which overlooks part of one Boeing complex, aircraft bearing the livery of Turkish Airlines can be seen on the apron. Seattle gossip has it that the carrier is in no hurry to take delivery of, and pay for, them. There are similar stories about aircraft bound for Korea.

Mr Mulally admits that Boeing

has not yet beaten its production problems, although it produced a record 51 planes in October. The company is now delivering on time — although BA's 50th 747 is already one month late — but many of the assembly tasks are being done out of sequence, an inefficient and costly process. "It will take us another year to get it back," he says. "We let ourselves down, and the customers."

He is drawing up a new business plan with three priorities: first, to stabilise the production processes; second, to draw up a product development plan for investment of scarce dollars; and, third, to raise customer services.

HE ALSO wants to strike a new relationship with the airlines and persuade them to share some of the risk in return for Boeing guaranteeing a delivery date and stepping up production to meet it. Mr Mulally hints that the company may buy in more from outside sources, and shed more jobs on top of the 12,000 already slated to go.

The net result should be better margins, into double digits at the operating level within two years, the vice-president forecasts. And he thinks the business community will wait — as long as he keeps it informed.

Inside the Everett factory, the 10,000 workers who make up the first of three shifts seem lost in the world's largest enclosed space. The assembly of the 6 million parts that make up a 747 is largely done by

hand, although the company is automating some wing assembly.

Boeing's penchant for using its workers as ballast for its financial outlook, hiring and firing them in thousands as needed, presents its own set of skill problems. One Boeing manager said it was difficult enough to persuade people to do manual work to the required level of competence. But Seattle and its surrounding area does regularly provide people as needed, reabsorbing them when discarded. Wages are high, at \$50,000 a year for many, rising to as much as \$100,000 for an overtime addict.

Boeing is trying to simplify its processes by cutting the number of options that airlines have — there are 109 different shades of white paint — and is using more computerised design to improve accuracy and cut lead times. Mr Mulally admits that changing the culture of such a huge company could be difficult. Whether he manages to do it in time will depend not just on his own colleagues, but also on two other notoriously difficult sets of people.

The shareholders will have to give him a chance to reorganise and raise profit margins. The early signs are good. And the customers will have to forgive Boeing's past transgressions and talk about mutual help in dealing with the vicious negotiating that makes up the airline ordering business. On this, the jury is still out.

Meanwhile BA is still awaiting delivery of its 50th 747.

Le Monde

Fischer spells out Germany's intentions

Arnaud Leparmentier in Bonn

JOSCHKA Fischer, a leading Green and, since October 27, Germany's new foreign minister, believes "there is no such thing as a Green foreign policy, only a German one".

The distinguishing mark of that policy will be "continuity", he added. "We had not yet officially taken office when we had to deal with the very serious problem of the threat of military action in Yugoslavia. We managed to resolve it. Our courtesy visit to Washington suddenly turned into something very serious. I don't feel that the fact that I'm a Green was either a handicap or an advantage. Gerhard Schröder [the new chancellor] and I negotiated in the interests of our country."

The arrest of Augusto Pinochet is an extremely important signal. Whatever the courts finally decide, it has shown that in tomorrow's world dictators and political criminals, whatever their rank, will not feel safe from the arm of the law or the rule of law. Germany should be a country where human rights are defended. Persecuted democrats and dissidents are welcome in Germany."

Fischer, aged 50, is a Francophile who intends to inject new life into Franco-German relations, which deteriorated during the final years of Helmut Kohl's chancellorship.

But he sees no point in signing a new Franco-German treaty. "That has no value in itself. We should get down to essentials and take a new qualitative step in the process of European unification. Relations between states are not in my mind the main issue. The problem lies in the relationship between different societies, intellectual milieux, political elites and public opinions."

"Even though bilateral relations are extremely important, we'll not make any genuine progress until we have a domestic European policy. Indeed, there cannot be any real European foreign policy unless we have a domestic European policy."

"European policy is in the hands of experts, lobbies and a handful of MEPs. But our various societies aren't very interested in Europe, which they simply accept as a fact of life. There's no European-wide debate about our different experi-



Fischer, Germany's new foreign minister, arrives for talks on forming a government in Bonn last month

ences, our philosophies, our fears or our common objectives."

How does Fischer see Europe in the future? "It won't be a federal state, nor will it be a loose confederation. I think the euro will necessarily bring about greater integration, which will have to involve the democratic process, otherwise it will be increasingly difficult to justify European policy in the eyes of the European population."

Fischer is in favour of a "democratisation of the European Parliament", with the setting up of a second chamber representing national parliaments.

He approaches the defence of his country's interests in much the same way as the German Federal Republic did from 1949 on: "We can't define our interests in a vacuum. They are shaped by geopolitics. Our country happens to be where it is, in the heart of Europe. We can't act as though our past never existed. The strength of our collective memory is a factor in Germany's domestic and foreign policies. Our interests have been defined since 1949: our ultimate interest is Europe and its unification process."

Fischer believes that Germany is not going to try to seize the leadership in Europe: "We're in a contra-

dictory situation: on the one hand, Germany says it wants to assume a certain role because of its size and power; and on the other, mistrust due to historical factors is never very far away."

"In the past, by pursuing a policy of self-limitation and by defining our interests in Europe, we did a pretty successful job, even from the point of view of our neighbours' interests. Of course we have our own interests, just as our neighbours have theirs, but what is so fascinating about the construction of Europe is that it means there is maximum motivation to defend the national interest, all within the institutional framework of an overall European compromise."

As regards defence, Fischer is reluctant to discuss any extension of France's nuclear umbrella to Germany: "This is an issue where questions of prestige loom very large, and we should steer clear of that as far as possible in the process of European unification, because it is not something that exists in practical terms. Our two countries' attitudes to the nuclear issue are very different. I hope we'll achieve a further degree of disarmament."

"A united Europe should never be insular. It will always be a good idea

for us to be able to fall back on the United States."

Fischer is reluctant to comment on the problem posed by France not being part of Nato's military structure, in connection with, say, a possible military intervention in Yugoslavia: "That's a domestic French political problem."

Fischer is not worried about trade friction between France and Germany. Asked whether he thought Germany's decision to halt the reprocessing of its nuclear fuel might have an adverse effect on Cogenia's reprocessing plant at La Hague in Normandy, he said: "There's a very high volume of trade between our two countries, and Cogenia accounts for only a tiny part of it. It was a decision that had the support of a majority of the German population, who want to abandon nuclear energy. I think that France, which believes in democratic principles, will accept that fact and draw the necessary conclusions."

Fischer seems delighted with last summer's decision by the Frankfurt stock exchange to "betray" Paris by entering into an alliance with its London counterpart: "As a member of parliament for Frankfurt, I can only give it my energetic support."

(October 28)

Ecuador and Peru sign peace deal

Nicole Bonnet in Lima

ON OCTOBER 26, in the Brazilian capital, Brasília, the Ecuadorian president, Jamil Mahuad, fought back tears as he declared: "After so many decades during which both sides tried to win the war, today our two countries [Peru and Ecuador] will together win the peace." His audience included Latin American leaders, the king and queen of Spain, and emissaries of the United States president and the Pope.

His Peruvian counterpart, President Alberto Fujimori, said: "Today we have proclaimed our right to live in peace."

The signing of this definitive peace accord has rung down the curtain on Latin America's longest territorial dispute. The document also defines the terms of various bilateral trading and shipping agreements, and provides for the setting up of a commission charged with solving any subsequent border problems peacefully.

The accord is the culmination of more than three years of hard bargaining, which began after bloody clashes had pitted the two countries against each other in the Condor mountain range in 1995. It was made possible by pressure from four peacebrokers — Argentina, Brazil, Chile and the US — and confirmed the border established under the Rio Protocol of 1942.

The agreement puts an end to Ecuador's claim to sovereignty over 200,000sq km of Peruvian Amazonia. However, it does grant Ecuador an enclave of 15sq km at Tivina, at the extremity of the Condor mountain range where its troops won a fleeting victory over Peru in 1995.

The provisions laid down by the brokers of the accord include the setting up of two adjoining ecological parks in the disputed area.

Two other treaties, signed that same day in Brasília, grant Ecuador "functional sovereignty" over Amazonia. Ecuadorians will be entitled to travel on the Amazon river and its tributaries. They will also be allowed to use two 150-hectare harbour installations, complete with warehouses, and roads leading into Peruvian territory.

The Ecuadorians will now have to erase from their memory three centuries of official history, drummed into them in the classroom and endlessly repeated by populist demagogues, according to which Ecuador is an Amazonian country and Peru an invader that has already stolen more than half its territory.

The fact remains that this dispute sparked three wars and caused hundreds of deaths. The accord should enable the two countries, among the poorest in South America, to save hundreds of thousands of dollars that would otherwise have been spent on defence.

It should also open the way to \$3 billion worth of investment in the region. On October 26, the Inter-American Development Bank announced it was going to lend the two countries \$500 million to help finance transborder schemes.

(October 28)

Chirac breaks tradition of Pétain tribute

Olivier Biffaud

IN 1968, to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the armistice of November 11, 1918,

President Charles de Gaulle laid flowers on Marshal Philippe Pétain's grave on the Ile d'Yeu. Ten years later, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing did the same. In 1988 President François Mitterrand followed suit.

This year, however, President Jacques Chirac has decided to break with tradition. He will be the first president of the Fifth Republic not to pay tribute to Verdun, who 22 years later became the architect of the Vichy regime that collaborated with the Nazis.

That contradiction in Pétain's record did not deter Mitterrand. On September 22, 1984, the president placed a bunch of red roses on the grave of the man who was struck off the rolls of the French Academy in 1945.

Mitterrand repeated his tribute on June 15, 1988, as well as on November 11 every subsequent year until 1992, which happened to be the 50th anniversary of the round-up, in the Vel' d'Hiv stadium in Paris, of some 12,000 Jews who were later sent to concentration camps. In the face of angry opposition, Mitterrand decided that the contradiction between the "glory" of Verdun and the "disgrace" of 1942 should be "handled differently".

When asked at the time whether he thought placing flowers on Pétain's grave was one of the duties required of a president, Chirac said: "Frankly, I don't think so." Lionel Jospin, for his part, said that he thought the "Pétain of 1914-18" had been "erased" by the Pétain of Vichy.

The fact that France's president and prime minister see eye to eye on the issue means that it is not something likely to jeopardise their power-sharing arrangement. But 1998 is one of those special 10-yearly commemorations.

De Gaulle was the first president who wished to pay tribute "to the eight marshals who deserved to attain the heights of

military glory". The trouble was that Pétain was one of them.

How were the authorities to cope with the problem of November 11, 1998?

The advisers of Jean-Pierre Masseret, the minister for ex-servicemen, managed to come up with a ploy. The president and prime minister will celebrate only those three men who "deserved well of their country", in the words of two laws of 1918 and 1920. Pétain was not one of them.

So, on November 9, Masseret will pay tribute to President Raymond Poincaré. On November 10, the defence minister, Alain Richard, will do the same for Marshal Ferdinand Foch. And on November 11, Chirac will honour Georges Clemenceau.

(October 28)



Elisabeth Olsson with one of her photographs exhibited in Uppsala Cathedral

PHOTO: INGVAR SVENSSON

Swedish storm over 'gay Christ' photos

Antoine Jacob in Stockholm

BECAUSE she felt there was a "need" for such photographs, Elisabeth Olsson eventually decided to take them herself — a series of 12 pictures designed to prove that "God is everyone's God". She says that on several occasions Sweden's Lutheran church had made it clear to her that it regarded homosexuality as "a sin" and Aids as "divine punishment". As a reaction against these "prejudices", and with the aim of prompting discussion of the issue, the 38-year-old Olsson, herself a lesbian, decided to portray Jesus as a homosexual, or in the company of homosexuals. Her 12 photographs illustrate various moments in his life.

The archangel Gabriel hands a glass tube containing sperm to Mary, thus suggesting that she underwent artificial insemination. Conceived in that way, the newborn Jesus is brought up by two homosexual couples, who, "like Joseph and Mary in Bethlehem, have had to go into hiding".

At a public bathing establishment, a full-frontal Jesus is

shown being christened by a man who hugs him. At the Last Supper, Jesus is surrounded by transvestites, towards whom "he shows solidarity by wearing high-heeled shoes". Skinheads leave him for dead at the foot of the Cross. A pietà depicts an HIV-positive Jesus in hospital hooked up to a drip.

Olsson's colour photographs, accompanied by extracts from the New Testament, were first shown at Stockholm's Europride gay festival in July. Despite the controversy they sparked, Olsson was invited by a clergywoman to show her work at Uppsala Cathedral, seat of the archdiocese of the Lutheran Church, Sweden's state religion. More than 10,000 people crowded into the cathedral that day to see Olsson project her slides and hear her explain the meaning of her work. Bomb scares failed to disrupt this "meditation", which had been organised against the wishes of the local bishop.

The photographs have been on show at Jönköping's cultural centre since October 10. Jönköping is the headquarters of the Swedish Pentecostals and

other "free" churches, which are hostile to the understanding attitude to homosexuality shown by the Archbishop of Sweden, Karl-Gustav Hammar.

Police are guarding the cultural centre following anonymous threats against the exhibition. Many believers, both Protestant and Catholic, have criticised Olsson's portrayal of Jesus. The issue has become so heated that it may jeopardise the ecumenical dialogue organised within the framework of the Christian Council under the auspices of Archbishop Hammar.

Catholic leaders have called for the archbishop to step down from the presidency of that body on the grounds that he has not distanced himself from the exhibition. And they have succeeded in getting his scheduled audience with Pope John Paul II postponed indefinitely.

Olsson, who describes herself as a "believer", says the photographs "are a gift to the Church to encourage it to pursue the debate on homosexuality". The exhibition has already been invited to the United States, Britain, Italy and Switzerland. (October 21)

Painter of paradox

Harry Bellet

GUSTAVE MOREAU was not just a painter of convoluted pictures with titles such as *Oedipe et Le Sphinx*, *Prométhée et Salomé*, but the teacher, at the Beaux-Arts, of such artists as Henri Matisse, Georges Rouault and Albert Marquet.

In other words, Moreau was a paradox. His teaching role made him the tutor, if not the father, of the Fauves, while his own painting struck almost all his successors as old-fashioned and overelaborate. The Surrealists, who adored his work, were an exception — André Breton dreamed of breaking into and visiting Moreau's studio in Rue de La Rochefoucauld at night.

Moreau's contemporaries were divided in their feelings about him. He was often slated by the critics. The bourgeoisie liked his "well-finished" paintings. Prominent mystics such as Joseph Péladan hoped Moreau would join their ranks. But he demurred, preferring to put his gods in his paintings, even if that meant leaving himself open to scathing remarks by Edgar Degas, who compared him to a jeweller and said: "He put watch chains on the gods of Olympus".

It was a damning judgment, but a rather accurate description of a style for which the words "baroque" or "Symbolist" are inadequate. Fans of Moreau argue that in some of his sketches he is a precursor of abstraction. This particularly fatuous idea — why not describe him as a precursor of "environments" or "installations"? — arises from a desire to recognise Moreau's modernity.

He could be modern or *fin-de-siècle*, depending on the work. The large water-colour that closes the exhibition currently being held at the Galeries Nationales of the Grand Palais in Paris — a vigorous nude with folded arms — is indisputably modern.

But Moreau could also be decadent with a vengeance. His monstrous *Jupiter et Sémélé* is quite overpowering. The mortal *Sémélé* did not survive the spectacle of her lover Jupiter in all his divine splendour; exhibition visitors could be at risk, too, if they linger too long in front of the painting.

Alternatively, they may feel a

greater affinity with *Prométhée*, who keeps such a stiff upper lip while being tortured that one of the vultures has already given up pecking at his liver and is being glared at questioningly by the second vulture.

The organisers of the retrospective, Geneviève Lacambre of the Musée d'Orsay, Douglas Druck and Larry Feinberg of the Art Institute of Chicago, and Susan Stein of the Metropolitan Museum of New York (the show will later move to the two museums in the United States) were keen to show only what they regard as Moreau's masterpieces, in other words nearly 150 works.

Their hanging of the works, in chronological order, is articulated around three paintings they regard as important: *Oedipe et Le Sphinx*, which caused a sensation when it was shown at the 1864 Salon, *Hercule et L'Hydre de Lerne*, which triumphed at the 1876 Salon, and the preposterous *Jupiter et Sémélé*.

These three works, which mark three periods in Moreau's life, are accompanied by sketches, drawings and variations. They give us a good idea of the artist's working methods: Moreau was undoubtedly painstaking in his work.

The same could be said of the exhibition's organisers. They know almost everything there is to know about Moreau, from his birth in 1826 to his death in 1898. The chronology of the exhibition catalogue omits no detail, and readers will no doubt be delighted to learn, for example, that on January 11, 1882, Moreau received a "payment of 2,000 francs for... Roger et Angélique (B 185/M 335) with a frame made by Souly, a New Year gift for Madame Michel Ephrussi".

But the catalogue fails to mention the far more interesting fact that 2,000 francs was slightly more than a worker's average annual wage at that time. That is what art history has come to in France today: an accumulation of trivial facts that must on no account mean anything — in other words, a bit like Moreau's work at its worst.

Gustave Moreau, Galeries Nationales du Grand Palais, Paris. Closed Tuesday, until January 4 (October 24)

An outlook that is positively quirky

Philippe Dagen

LORENZO LOTTO'S last work, *The Presentation in The Temple*, painted between 1552 and 1556 for the monastery of the Santa Casa in Loreto, seems unfinished. It is difficult to interpret the movements of the people in the painting; and their expressions are blank.

Its composition, on the other hand, is straightforward and geometrical. In the centre is an altar consisting of a table covered with a white sheet. The human figures are divided into three groups. One's eye travels from saint to saint, both male and female, then lights on the infant Jesus. Eventually one notices a curious detail: the table has four legs, but the legs are human.

The picture could almost have been painted by René Magritte. The question is why did Lotto give the table human legs? The catalogue mentions the oddity and refers to

the painter's "facetious sense of humour".

Are we then to believe that when he was well over 70, not long before his death in 1556, Lotto, whose piety is amply attested, decided to add a humorous detail to a religious painting that was destined for the Santa Casa monastery, of which he became a lay brother in 1554? The argument is unconvincing.

A much more believable explanation is that the transposition of the table legs is an allusion, a symbol or a code. But what the allusion, symbol or code is has remained a mystery. All we know is that Lotto was not afraid of implausibility.

Indeed, he was so unafraid of it that few of his paintings do not contain similar riddles. Early on in his career, in 1505, after he had settled in Treviso, he painted an Allegory of Virtue and Vice.

Reams have been written about this small painting because it con-

tains all sorts of odd features. There is a crystal shield bearing an effigy of the Medusa suspended by a red ribbon. A naked child is playing with a set square, a compass, a protractor and a plumb line. A satyr is looking inside a golden vase.

In one corner of the picture a ship is sinking. In another, Lotto has painted something that looks like a sunlit mountain. There are no doubt allusions to hermetic systems that may well never be elucidated.

Quirky elements crop up in every genre Lotto worked in. It would have been nice if he had conceived his portraits in a more direct way based on observation of the model and analysis of his or her character. This is the case with some of his portraits, where he betrays his admiration for northern painters, and no one more so than Albrecht Dürer. Here he places his models in a not very deep space and studies them in minute detail, as though

examining an inanimate object and trying his hand at imitating its volumes and colours objectively.

But other portraits are more complex. In his double portrait of a man and wife, lent by the Hermitage Museum in St Petersburg to the Lotto exhibition now on at the Grand Palais in Paris, he also depicts a poodle, a squirrel and a storm. The woman looks stupid and nasty, the man dismayed.

Why? Some authorities argue that the squirrel symbolises lust, others prudence, others again indifference (because it is asleep).

As the years go by, increasing incongruity creeps in. It may be iconographical, but more often it is stylistic. Lotto's church paintings show discrepancies and unevenness of treatment. Compositions are increasingly cluttered with human figures; postures are affected, yet faces remain expressionless or conventionally pathetic, and eyes are raised to the heavens.

In Lotto's lifetime, such qualities earned him little praise and caused

him to spend much of his time travelling around in search of sponsors and protectors. What caused him problems at the time explains his success today: his quirkiness and his blatant contempt for realism are now regarded as positive qualities. But some regard him as an accused artist rescued from the jaws of oblivion. That is probably why his paintings at the Grand Palais have been hung in a dimly lit, mausoleum worthy of a Californian funeral parlour. All that is missing is the organ *Muzak*.

Lorenzo Lotto, Grand Palais, Paris. Closed Tuesday, until January 11, 1999 (October 20)

Le Monde

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Impeachment Is Not the Real Issue

COMMENT

David Broder

THE temptation to interpret the midterm election as a referendum on the possible impeachment of President Clinton is powerful — and misguided. Everything I have heard in the last six weeks of traveling the campaign trail tells me that if you want to learn what the public is saying this year, look at the voting for governors, not Congress.

It's inevitable that the November 3 results will be read as the first vote on Clinton's future. He made that likely by waiting until 10 weeks before Election Day to start correcting the falsehoods he uttered in January and for months thereafter. The House Republicans made it a certainty by voting last month to begin impeachment hearings right after the November ballots have been counted.

It will fall to the people elected to the House to decide whether Clinton has committed any impeachable offenses. The election will also pick one-third of the jurors who will sit on the Clinton case: if the House sends it over to the Senate for trial.

But there are few of the 435 House districts where the candidates are saying, "Vote for me to send a message you do (or do not) want Clinton impeached." Most of those who have taken a clear stand on impeachment, for or against, are in safe seats, where they risk nothing by declaring themselves.

But that does not stop people from stamping this as an impeachment referendum — even though they have a hard time agreeing what the yardstick should be. Midterm elections have become increasingly murky political indicators. In the last 10, going back to 1958, four have been landslides —

for the Democrats in 1958 and 1974, for the Republicans in 1966 and 1994. All but the last of these followed presidential year landslides for the opposite party and represented a balancing of the political scales.

The other six midterms — those of 1962, 1970, 1978, 1982, 1986 and 1990 — produced an average loss for the president's party of 12 seats, just about the number many are projecting the Democrats may lose this year. So what would this tell us about "the Clinton factor" in the election? If the Republicans were to go well above that figure, the base from which to draw impeachment votes obviously would be significantly enlarged. If the Democrats were to defy the historical odds and gain seats, it would bolster the president's defense.

But either of these fairly dramatic results would have less impact on the ultimate disposition of Clinton's case than the quality of the evidence amassed for or against him. Before the House can impeach, a much larger share of the public must be convinced he has seriously violated his oath of office — and that will depend on the case that is presented.

Meantime, what the voters really want — and are determined to get in the 36 gubernatorial elections — is sensible, centrist government, whether it comes from Republicans, Democrats or — as in Maine — an independent, Angus King, who won the governor's office in August in 1994 without the support of either party, will probably outhrow the major party nominees even more decisively this year, because Maine voters think he has struck a reasonable balance between environmental needs and economic development and has been prudent in spending their tax dollars.

Ron Brownstein of the Los Angeles Times has noted that cen-



Big deal... Paula Jones accepts a \$1 million cheque from businessman Abe Hirschfeld last Saturday, which she can cash if she drops her sexual harassment case against President Clinton

trism is guiding Gray Davis toward becoming the first Democratic governor of California in 16 years.

The willingness to use government where necessary, especially for education and law enforcement; to reform systems that are not working, especially welfare; and to restrain taxes or reduce them when possible, is why gubernatorial incumbents of both parties are generally sailing to re-election from Alaska to New York.

The few who are not are governors who have managed to enmesh themselves in ideological fights or squabbles that seem irrelevant to their constituents. It is clear that voters don't want to see the partisanship too often displayed in Washington, D.C. infect the governments close at hand.

If we miss that fact in searching for an impeachment mandate, we mistake the real meaning of this election.

Tobacco Firms Spent \$43m to Kill Legislation

Saundra Torrey

THE TOBACCO industry spent more than \$43 million on lobbying in the first half of this year — 23 percent more than in all of 1997 — much of it to kill a national tobacco bill championed by public health groups and the White House, according to a report released last week by Public Citizen, which favored the bill.

According to Public Citizen, the industry "besieged the Capitol with 192 lobbyists," about "one for every three members of Congress." The team drew on "powerful insiders," including former Senate majority leaders George J. Mitchell, D-Maine, and Howard Baker, R-Tennessee, former Republican National Committee chairman Haley Barbour and former lawmakers Stan Paris, R-Virginia, and Charlie Rose, D-North Carolina. It also included at least 18 former congressional staffers.

That behind-the-scenes campaign came as the industry mounted a

\$40-million national advertising blitz to defeat the tobacco bill, which would have imposed major restrictions on the industry, as well as an \$1.10 per pack price hike over five years.

The industry, which initially championed national legislation, quickly turned against it in April, after a Senate committee fashioned a bill with the huge price hike and almost none of the legal protections the industry sought.

Public Citizen said it culled its information from public lobbying reports filed with Congress by six major tobacco companies, three tobacco trade groups and outside lobbying firms they employed.

According to the group's report, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., which spent \$1.7 million in the first half of 1997, spent \$18.2 million in the same period this year, toppling the other major tobacco companies, including Philip Morris Companies Inc. and R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Burned Wires Found in Swissair Jet's Game System

Don Phillips

INVESTIGATORS discovered evidence of fire and electrical damage in the wiring of Swissair Flight 111's in-flight entertainment and gambling system, prompting the airline last week to disconnect it on its other planes.

Sources close to the probe of the September 2 crash said all three of the four sets of wires coming from the sophisticated system, located above and behind the cockpit, and there was clear evidence of electrical arcing, or sparks. A preliminary investigation has raised concerns about the amount of heat that the cutting-edge electronics produces, as well as the manner in which it was connected to the aircraft's main electrical power, the sources said.

Swissair and the Transportation Safety Board of Canada

said in brief statements that there is insufficient evidence so far to determine whether the wiring played a role in the New York-Geneva flight's plunge into the Atlantic Ocean, killing all 229 onboard. The Canadian board said it is possible the damage was "merely the by-product of other events".

Although the Canadian safety board said this particular system was "unique to the Swissair fleet," sources said investigators and regulators want to take a new look at onboard video and gaming systems that some airlines are installing on long-distance jets to woo customers.

The burned wiring was found among debris dredged from the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean just off Peggy's Cove, Nova Scotia. The McDonnell Douglas MD-11 slammed into the ocean about 16 minutes after the crew reported smoke in the cockpit and donned oxygen masks.

Primakov Unveils His Rescue Plan

Daniel Williams in Moscow

RUSSIA'S government approved an economic plan last weekend centered on tax cuts, bank rescues, intensified state intervention in the battered economy and printing more rubles. Prime Minister Yevgeny Primakov expressed hope that in response, foreign lenders will provide credits. But if they don't, he said, Russia "will not go down on its knees".

The plan's unveiling ended weeks of confused messages from the government, which has signaled an end to the free market approach of previous Cabinets while pledging not to return to a centrally controlled economy. Primakov, with characteristic caution, said his plan could be modified as early as this week.

It is uncertain how long an ailing Russia can await clear direction. Fear of winter food shortages has prompted Primakov to organize emergency food reserves and reduce tariffs on food imports. In the eight weeks since Russia devalued the ruble and reneged on paying foreign and domestic debt, an employment rose steadily while the purchasing power of the ruble declined by two-thirds. Tax revenues declined precipitously in the weeks between the ousting of Prime Minister Sergei Kiriyenko's government and the creation of the Primakov administration's economic strategy.

Russia's relations with global economic heavyweights are also frayed. In meetings last week in Moscow, International Monetary Fund representatives rebuffed the new proposals and declined to release billions of dollars in loans to help prop up the economy.

Russia also is at odds with private foreign lenders and locked in ramorous negotiations with foreign banks over repayment of debts. The banks have threatened to go to court in their home countries to demand the seizure of Russian bank assets abroad if no deal can be worked out.

The timing of last weekend's announcement underscored the central role Primakov, a former foreign minister and KGB official, has played in deciding Russia's fate. An interim President Boris Yeltsin left last week for a vacation on the Black Sea coast. Dogged by ailments variously described as a cold, bronchitis, exhaustion and high blood pressure, Yeltsin has made virtually no comments on the economy or anything else since Primakov was appointed in September.

Thomas W. Lippman adds: Chastened by economic turmoil and political drift in Russia, the Clinton administration has retreated from six years of undivided support for free-market reforms and their sponsors in favor of a flexible policy that senior officials say emphasizes Russia's responsibility for its own fate.

The administration has refrained from proposing an economic plan of its own, while warning the Russians, publicly and privately, that a return to government control of the economy, currency restrictions, limits on foreign investment and subsidies of obsolete industries would bring disaster.

The Washington Post

Lee Hockstader in Gaza City

Anthony Falola in Santiago

John Glenn, back right, waves as the Discovery crew heads for the launch pad

Kathy Sawyer In Cape Canaveral

Anthony Falola in Santiago


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In the Fields of the Lord

Jane Smiley

THE POISONWOOD BIBLE
By Barbara Kingsolver
HarperFlamingo. 542pp. \$27.95

THERE are ambitious novels. And there are successful novels. But there are few ambitious, successful and beautiful novels. Lucky for us, we have one now, in Barbara Kingsolver's *The Poisonwood Bible*, the visionary saga of Nathan Price, renegade Baptist missionary, and his wife and four daughters in the Belgian Congo in the early 1960s.

This avid reviewer hardly knows where to begin. A novel, of course, is always linear, always has a beginning and an end, but this one is so complete and so vast that it leaves a single complex impression, difficult to pick apart and analyze. The reader finishes the novel with the conviction that it may be fiction, but it is deeply true, a right way of looking at many things — imperialism, colonialism, family life under great stress, a certain type of American religion, and two worlds in collision — African village life and American fundamentalism.

Kingsolver's most inspired novelistic invention is the way she tells the story: most of it through the distinct voices of the four daughters, Rachel, 16, the twins Leah and Abiah, 14 and a half, and Ruth May, 5. Each section of the novel is introduced by the voice of Orleana, the mother. Her recognition of her complicity in the cruelties that American policy and her preacher husband have visited upon their children and upon Africa is also convincing, though less lively than the voices of the daughters. Everything about this novel looks slow, dark and depressing from the outside, but don't let that fool you. The voices of the girls bring delight to every page.

Kingsolver's novel calls into question the whole history of the European and American exploitation of Africa. Kingsolver brings a distinct ideological point of view to her work and is open about her sympathies. She recognizes that when the missionaries and explorers and developers and health workers looked at Africa and saw ignorance, the ignorance they saw was their own.



ILLUSTRATION: CATHERINE BLECK

Africans are well adapted to conditions that people from temperate climates still do not fully understand.

It is no coincidence that Nathan, unlike the women, is never allowed to speak for himself. The daughters infer what might be going on with him. Orleana, who has more information, gives his history: When she first meets and marries him, he is a charming, well-meaning, benevolent, Bible-toting preacher in the making. After their marriage, Nathan goes to the Pacific as a soldier in the Second World War. He alone survives a death march that wipes out the rest of his company. He is wounded physically and spiritually, and returns home convinced of his sin and cowardice, ready to root out these same things from everyone he meets.

Orleana understands at once that love between herself and such a man is not possible anymore, but she continues anyway. This history is more or less convincing, but by the time the reader meets Nathan, he is one-dimensional; he is never allowed to speak, as the girls

and their mother do so beautifully.

And yet Nathan's enigmatic one-sidedness reflects our culture's failure to understand the humanity of those who seem to be the source of evil. Nathan goes unloved — by his daughters, his wife, himself, his "congregation," his God and his author. As a character, he never comes alive. He is a cause and an effect, but never a man. The author loses interest in Nathan, tries to compensate by giving him a dramatic death that seems pale in the telling. This failure goes right to the heart of who we are as a culture and how we look at ourselves: Yes, there are those who hurt others and show no remorse, who do not acknowledge the damage they have done. But they, in the end, are us. They should be acknowledged, allowed to say who they are, recognized. Loved, even, if not by readers and citizens, then at least by their own creators.

And so, the good news is that Barbara Kingsolver has written a wonderful novel, but not a perfect one. We can be thankful that she must write another, just to try again.

Camelot Nights

Bob Sherrill

RFK: A CANDID BIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT F. KENNEDY
By C. David Heymann
Dutton. 596pp. \$27.95

IF PRESIDENT Clinton wants to make his lustful conduct seem comparatively trivial, he should see that this book is placed in the hands of every member of Congress and every member of the Washington press corps.

Extramarital sex pops up 32 times in RFK, by my conservative count, and that doesn't include the 25-page chapter appropriately titled "Sex" in the center of the book. Obviously, C. David Heymann is determined to convince us he isn't exaggerating when he says John Kennedy had "an insatiable hunger for debauchery," heightened by feel-good drugs, and that brother Bobby became "as sexually insatiable as Jack had been."

Movie stars by the dozen, 15-year-old nymphets, socialites, in-laws — the brothers were catholic in their passion. Lawns, closets, airplanes, sailboats, the White House, the family's suite at the Carlyle Hotel — any old place would do just fine. Or so say the people Heymann quotes, usually by name.

In at least one area, this conduct seriously hurt public policy. When Robert Kennedy became attorney general in 1961, civil rights leaders needed all the help they could get from the Justice Department. But instead of helping Martin Luther King Jr., Bobby wiretapped him. This was to please "the most dangerous man in America," FBI director J. Edgar Hoover, who hated King and wanted to ruin his reputation. Hoover had "a strangehold" on the Kennedy brothers, says Heymann, because they feared he would reveal what he knew of their private lives, which was plenty. Later, Heymann alleges, Robert fell deeper into Hoover's clutches by asking him to cover up details of Jack Kennedy's affair with Ellen Rometsch, a suspected spy for East Germany.

A cover-up of a crueler sort allegedly occurred on the other coast. If we can believe actor and Kennedy brother-in-law Peter Lawford — and

we have only his word for this — Robert set up Marilyn Monroe for murder by drugs because she was threatening to publicize her long-term affairs with both brothers.

This is a solid biography, a book that makes you choose not to send their children to Catholic schools, and has scathingly dismissed the religious ethos of many Anglican public schools.

Reading Heymann's interpretations of Robert's influence on the president, one can't help feeling it was disastrous. Robert was too fierce a protector of his brother's political reputation, and his only career was "characterized by our savage vendetta after another." As old Joe Kennedy boasted, "When Bobby hates you, you stay hated." He hated Castro for embarrassing his brother at the Bay of Pigs, which stirred RFK to nutty, grandiose delusions of revenge. Usually his rages had awful results.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT Jr. who did some dirty work for John Kennedy in the 1960 campaign, said, "I did it because of Bobby. Only in his mid-thirties, he was already a full-blown tyrant."

But by the time of his presidential run, says Heymann, Bobby had become such a thoughtful guy that some of the reporters covering him, having fallen under his spell, asked to be taken off the assignment because they were so biased in his favor.

Perhaps RFK transformed himself in the process of building his "Kennedy legend" that disguises the not-so-altruistic reality of his brother's administration.

For me, the RFK in these pages had two great virtues: He was very brave; though convinced an assassin waited somewhere, he kept plunging into the crowds. And he was indispensable at home — where the children (10 while he lived), all sorts of animals, and helter-skelter wife Ethel gave the place, says Heymann, "all the decorum of a nonstop carnival-cum-insane asylum." Bobby loved it. He made it a fun place, and held it together. When he died, it pretty much fell apart.

Catholic tastes

THE headmaster of Ampleforth College, Britain's most prestigious Catholic school, has delivered an extraordinary attack on parents who choose not to send their children to Catholic schools, and has scathingly dismissed the religious ethos of many Anglican public schools.

Fr Leo Chamberlain accuses Catholic parents of a "shallow, sentimental approach to the Church" and attributes their lack of loyalty to "the impact of the secularising forces in our society." He claims that religious ideals are vanishing from many Anglican schools just as increasing numbers of Catholics are attending them.

"In many non-Catholic schools, day or boarding, religion is a marginal event. Rare is the Anglican school which has all its pupils in chapel on a Sunday," writes Fr Leo in the Catholic weekly, the Tablet.

His article was seen as a coded attack on wealthy Catholics who choose to send their children to high-profile public schools such as Eton and Harrow. Ampleforth's numbers have fallen from more than 600 to 487 over 20 years.

One in three private Catholic schools has closed in the past 15 years. Numbers now stand at 178.

The Benedictine Order's schools in Britain — of which Ampleforth is the most prominent — have been badly hit by falling rolls; Belmont in

Herefordshire closed in 1994, and Douai near Newbury was narrowly saved from closure last summer by the generosity of a former pupil.

The BBC News presenter Ed Stourton, who went to Ampleforth, admits he is sending his son to Eton. "The choice was pretty simple," he says. "It's a matter of distance. When I was at Ampleforth, you accepted that you were put away for eight weeks, but I wanted to see more of my son."

"Eton is not the same as the monks, but he is living in a Christian school and there's a Catholic chaplain. What tipped the balance was the importance of keeping the family together... Catholics no longer see themselves as set apart, and that's good."

In the same issue of the Tablet, Fr David Forrester, Eton's Catholic chaplain, defends the college's religious ethos and the special provision for its many Catholic pupils, describing their participation as an example of "living ecumenism."

The decline of private Catholic schools is marked, given that the same period has seen steady growth in non-Catholic private schools.

In part, it reflects how Catholics have broken out of the ghetto culture that used to characterise it in Britain. Catholics rarely experience discrimination or the prejudice that was commonplace even 30 years ago. It also reflects growing ecumenism: the emphasis is on a Christian rather than Catholic education.

INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS & COLLEGES 21



Ampleforth's headmaster, Fr Leo Chamberlain, greeting Irish president Mary McAleese. PHOTO: JOAN RUSSELL

menism: the emphasis is on a Christian rather than Catholic education.

The decline in vocations in religious orders has also led to many closures, Margaret Smart, director of the Catholic Education Service, points out.

Ampleforth struggles with a particular disadvantage in that its main catchment area — London and the South — is several hours' drive away.

One former Ampleforth pupil cited this and the all-male environment as his reasons for sending his son to St Paul's. He regrets his son will lose out on the spiritual aspect. "The religious ethos of

Ampleforth was very distinctive. There was the example of monks with a great spirituality living the monastic life, and I believe their ideals have great relevance to modern life."

But one prospective parent who recently visited Ampleforth came away horrified. "The monks are so detached, and there is little sense of warmth and belonging in the school," he said.

"There's a lot of talk about results and connections in a worldly sense as being very important, but they offered little on the day-to-day working out of how to be a Catholic. The

headmaster was very distant. My wife's comment after meeting him was: 'That's why the Reformation happened — he was just sitting there pontificating and was very pleased with himself and the school.'"

Ampleforth has refused to accept girls, unlike its rival Stonyhurst which goes full co-educational next year. That, along with its isolation — it is 30km from York on the edge of the moors — and the stability of the monastic community, appeals to some parents, but appals others who are looking for something more integrated into the realities of the lives the boys are likely to lead.

Politics in the Bedroom

Debra Dickerson

BY THE LIGHT OF MY FATHER'S SMILE
By Alice Walker
Random House. 222pp. \$22.95

IF YOU think about it, Alice Walker and Khalid Muhammad, organizer of Harlem's recent Million Youth March, are flip sides of the same coin: Oppression has driven them both to obsession, and both have made careers of an implacable rebellion. While both have loyal followings, those who are not feeding from the trough of resentment will require more than Muhammad's unhinged doggerel or Walker's symbol-soaked indictments to go the distance with either.

In the case of a novel, that something more is a coherent plot with convincing characters. By the Light of My Father's Smile is frustratingly low on both.

Muhammad and his ilk are a manifestation of incoherent rage,

Walker and hers its coherent cousin. But however righteous Walker's political philosophy, a novel has to be first and foremost a work of art. It has to satisfy the soul first, to even the score second. It can also be good politics, but it is insufficient to simply extend the litany of injustices to book length, then devise snappy comebacks, as Walker has done here. I agree with her politics, but that's not why I read novels. That's why I read the Nation. I come looking for soul food in Walker's novel and find only the politics of cooking.

Drawing on the travails of the fictional Robinson family and their acquaintances, Walker illustrates the breadth of taboos involving female sexuality and the extent to which the cost of criminalizing that sexuality isn't confined to the individual woman; in this case, it ruins an entire family. Susannah — the seemingly obedient younger sister who retains her freedom by not bothering to flaunt it — watches

through the keyhole while 15-year-old June (the girl-child-who-runs-with-the-wolves) is beaten by their craven father for the crime of having inherited his love of boot-knocking (sex). To avenge herself, June destroys the family's happiness, as well as her own. She also chooses to become obese and de-sexes herself with body piercings and other self-inflicted hideousnesses. It's like a job with her, this tending of her own featureless misery. "Fatness serves a purpose," explains June calmly.

"When I am fat I feel powerful, as if I could not possibly need anything more." Except, perhaps, a bypass operation because she dies with a beer in one hand, a hunk of chocolate cake in the other (things go much better for her after she's dead). June couldn't be less believable; even worse, she couldn't be less miserable. Middle-aged, having ripped her family to shreds, but still not satiated, June shrieks, "I wanted reparation... not apology... He'd taken the moment in my life when I was most secure in its meaning. The moment my life opened, not just to my family and friends,

but to me myself. The moment when I knew my life was given to me for me to own." One 30-year-old beating (for which Dad never forgave himself) ruined her life? Of course, you're meant to contrast the sisters' strategies for coping with societal expectations for women, you're meant to consider the long-term effects of the delegitimation of women's sexuality, but Geez, girl, it ain't that bad.

The problem here is that there are no people, only political vehicles sprinkled with magic and dead men walking. By the Light's ostentatious use of allegory, myth and fairy tale made me so suspicious that I turned to the acknowledgements, where I found confirmation of my fears: The Woman's Encyclopedia Of Myths And Secrets; Bury Me Standing; The Gypsies And Their Journey; Bonobo: The Forgotten Ape. Uh oh. Someone needs to take Alice's library card away, because it takes a post-doc in pop psychology to love this book.

Her highly stylized, ultimately disposable characters are far too self-aware and, therefore, not

human. Granted, the main characters spend more time dead than alive, but they still have to matter to the reader. These don't. They can't. They're not real. Worst of all, the "have nots" in the world Walker has created spew a free-floating venom on whites and Western civilization that brings to mind pubescent scolding the prom queen with the humongous breasts and the red convertible. Europeans "don't seem to like the earth very much... maybe they're from another planet... A place where the official is natural," opines the obese, highly evolved Susannah. It's not the criticism that's objectionable per se, it's the heavy-handed artifice, the myth mythiness.

Whites, men, the rich and Western civilization are legitimate targets for writers, but the answer is not to emulate what's worst about them but to pin them to the wall of truth and shine a big bright light on their crimes. The self-indulgent way to do that is by being a clown, a life-producing way is by writing a novel and not a manifesto.

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Chair in Human Geography
(Ref: 98/Q028C)

The School wishes to appoint a Chair in Human Geography to help lead Geography's research towards the next RAE. We are inviting applications who hold an honours degree or equivalent in Geography or a cognate discipline and a PhD in a relevant field who can demonstrate outstanding calibre and achievement with a proven track record in quality research publications, grant awards and with research leadership skills. A substantial record of relevant tertiary-level teaching is also required. Applicants will be considered from any area of human geography research to expand the School's existing research strengths in both historical and contemporary human geography. These include research on national and political identity, landscape and power, socio-spatial analysis of labour markets, ethnic symbolism and the social construction of space, urban change, the geography of island communities, GIS and census population modelling, the history of geographical knowledge and spaces in science. The person appointed will have a role in the appointment of a lecturer in human geography which will be advertised subsequently.

Salary is negotiable within the professorial range, with eligibility for USS, and there is an attractive package to assist with relocation and resettlement expenses.

Lecturer in Human Geography
(Ref: 98/P103C)

Required to complement and augment existing research in the School as well as to provide development of innovative research in the successful candidate's area. Applicants must have an honours degree or equivalent in Geography or other related discipline and a PhD or equivalent qualification in a relevant area. A proven research record is essential and the ability to attract research grants is desirable. The successful candidate should also be willing to teach at undergraduate level in human geography and experience in innovative teaching methods is desirable.

Salary Scale: Lecturer Grade A: £16,665 - £21,815 Lecturer Grade B: £22,720 - £29,048, with eligibility for USS. Assistance with relocation as appropriate.

Further information about the School facilities can be obtained on application or via the School's Web-site: <http://www.qub.ac.uk/geosci>
Closing date: Friday, 11 December 1998.

Further particulars quoting appropriate reference number(s) are available from the Personnel Office, The Queen's University of Belfast, BT7 1NN. Telephone (01232) 273044 or 273854 (answering machine). Fax: (01232) 324944.

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Note: shortlisted candidates only will be contacted by 31 March 1999.

Closing date: 15 January 1999.

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UNIVERSITY	POST	REF. NO.
AFRICA AND THE CARIBBEAN		
Botswana	Co-ordinator (SL/L) Environmental Education Programme	W46959
Botswana	SL Geology	W46971
Botswana	L Geology	W46972
Botswana	AP Management	W46973
Botswana	L Management	W46974
Botswana	L Social Work	W46975
Botswana	SL Mechanical Engineering	W46976
UWI (Jamaica)	P/SL Library & Information Studies	W46988
UWI (Jamaica)	Financial Accountant	W46989
UWI (Bahamas)	L/L Obstetrics & Gynaecology	W46977
UWI (Bahamas)	L/L Anaesthetics & Intensive Care	W46978
AUSTRALIA		
Griffith (Queensland)	SL/L Marketing	W46986
Queensland	L Education	W46987
Queensland	L Disability/Special Needs Education	W46982
Tasmania	L Women's Studies	W46982
Tasmania	L Journalism & Media Studies	W46983
Tasmania	L Sociology	W46984
HONG KONG		
Hong Kong	P: Chair Anaesthesiology	W46979
HK Baptist Univ.	ASP Education Studies	W46970
NEW ZEALAND		
Canterbury	L Sociology (Ethnic Relations)	W46980
Canterbury	L Sociology (Feminist Analysis)	W46981
Canterbury	L Zoology	W46980
PACIFIC		
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Brunei	SL/L Critical & Creative Thinking	W46984
Brunei	SL/L Sociology/Antropology	W46985
Brunei	AP/SL/L Information Technology	W46986
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Brunei	SL/L Physical Education	W46993
Brunei	SL/L Technical Teacher Education	W46994
Brunei	P/AP Special Education	W46995
PNUGT (Papua New Guinea)	SL Computer Science	W46996

Abbreviations: P - Professor; AP - Associate Professor; ASP - Assistant Professor; SL - Senior Lecturer; L - Lecturer; AL - Assistant Lecturer.

For further details of any of the above staff vacancies please contact ACU (Advertising), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF, UK (Internet: acut@acut.ac.uk), tel: +44 171 387 8572 ext. 208 (UK office hours); fax: +44 171 383 0366; e-mail: acut@acut.ac.uk, quoting reference number of post(s). Details will be sent by email/letter/telex post. A sample copy of the publication *Appointments in Commonwealth Universities*, including subscription details, is available from the same source.

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Sphinx yields location of Cleo's palace

Owen Bowcott and
Khaled Dawoud in Cairo

THE sunken ruins of Cleopatra's Palace may be opened to the public in an underwater museum where visitors will be able to stroll through a network of glass tunnels on the Mediterranean seabed off Alexandria.

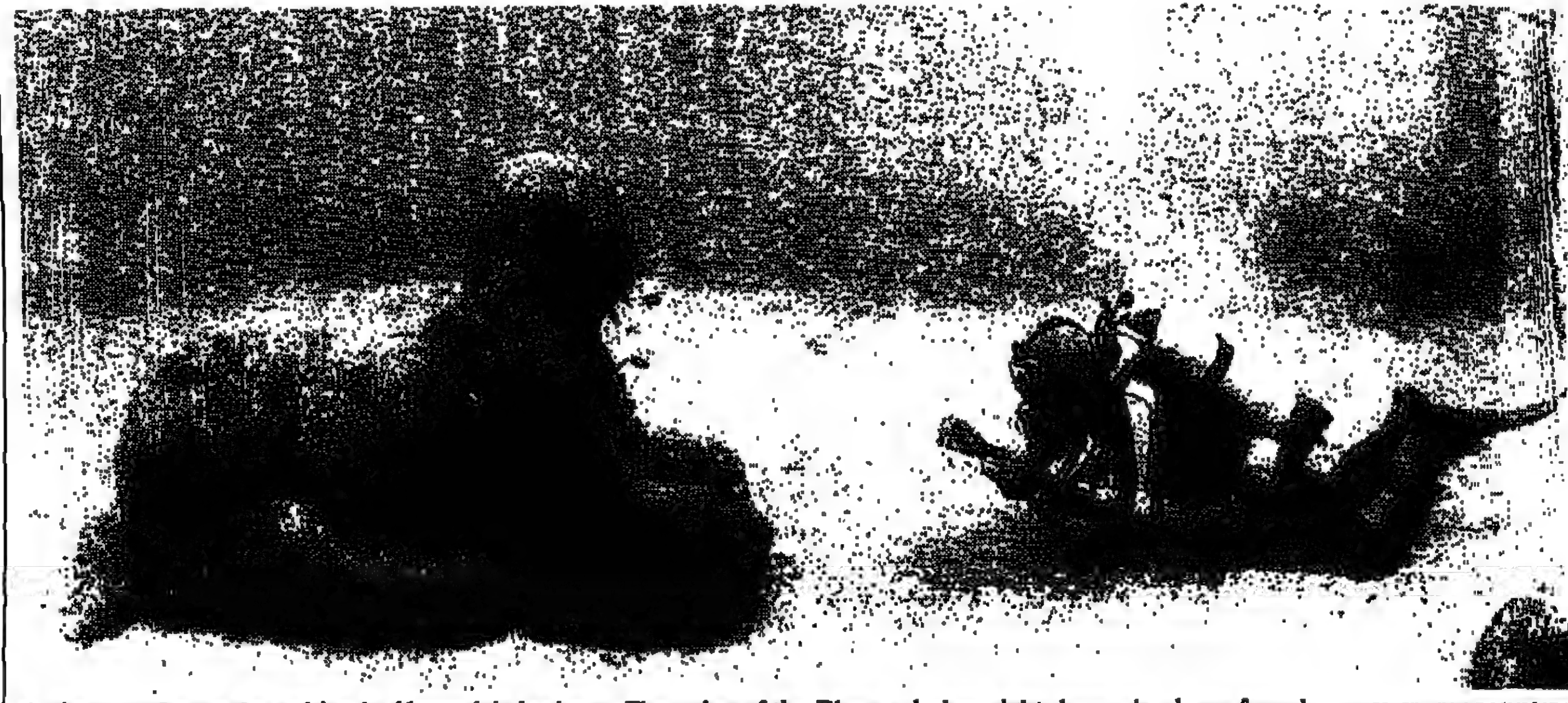
Support for the project, devised by Egypt's Supreme Council of Antiquities, has been boosted by the recovery last week from the harbour's waters of a 2,000-year-old sphinx.

The black granite statue's face portrays Cleopatra's father, Ptolemy XII, and dates from an era when Alexandria was one of the cultural capitals of the ancient world. The complex of waterfront buildings and royal courts, where the statue stood, slipped beneath the waves more than 1,600 years ago after a devastating earthquake.

"Ptolemy XII was known as the Flute Player," says Susan Walker, deputy keeper of Greek and Roman antiquities at the British Museum. "He would be difficult to mistake because he had strong features like Mr Punch; a huge hooked nose and prominent chin."

Two French-led teams of marine archaeologists have been diving in the waters around Alexandria. At the western end of the harbour, further out to sea, the first team have discovered the toppled remains of the Pharos, the giant lighthouse once rated as one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

The other sub-aqua team, led by Franck Goddio, discovered



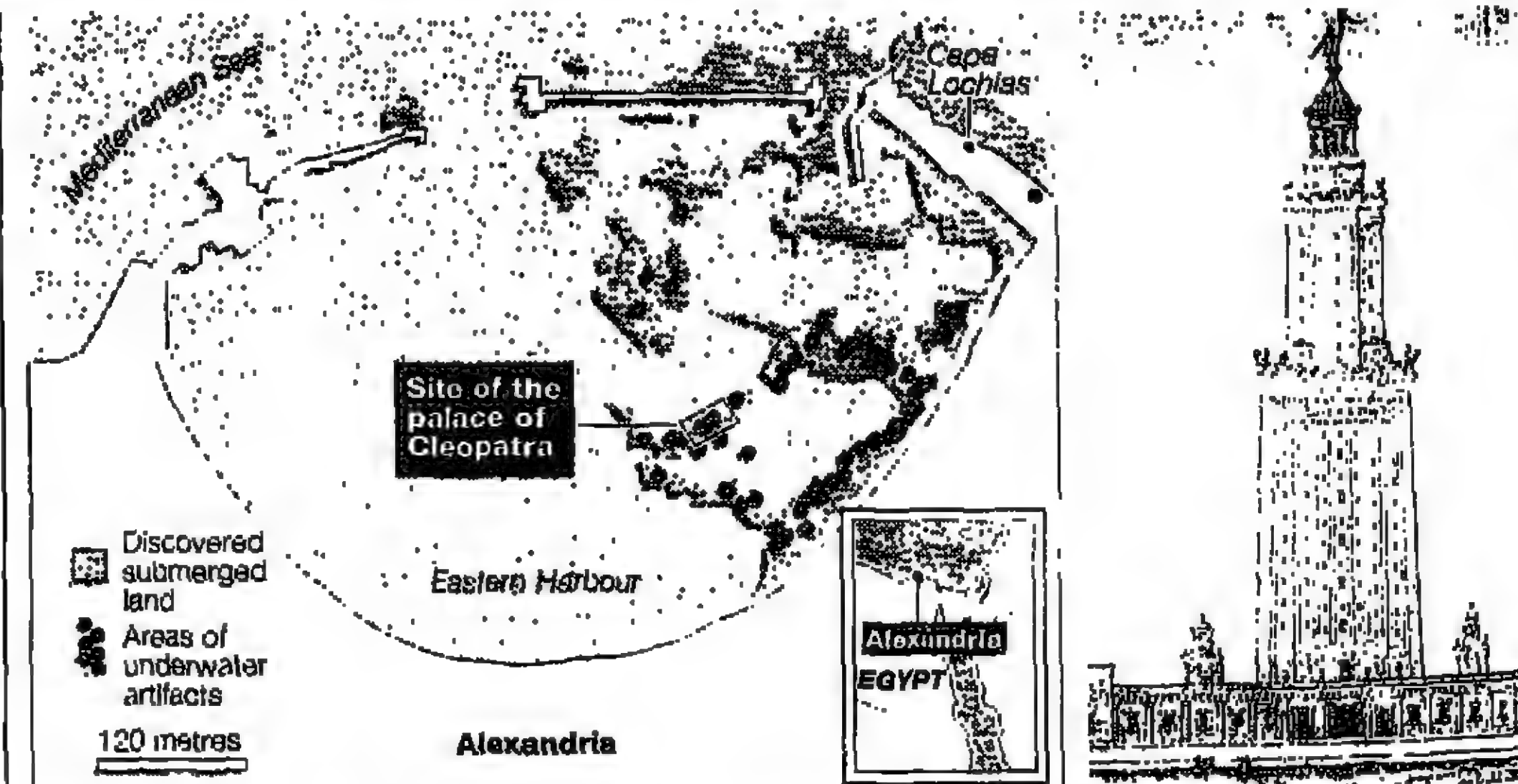
A diver confronts the sphinx in Alexandria harbour. The ruins of the Pharos, below right, have also been found. PHOTO: STEPHANIE COMPTON/AGF

the location of the submerged royal courts after four years of exploration aided by a satellite global positioning system.

They have also pinpointed the island of Antirrhodos, which housed one of Cleopatra's palaces, and the peninsula where her lover, Mark Antony, built his retreat, the Timonium.

"That part of the eastern harbour was for years a protected zone because of its military use," says Dr Walker, who intends to visit the site. "It's an aquarium version of Salisbury Plain, where great tracts of land have been preserved because of a military ban which has now been lifted."

Although Alexandria is well known from historical and literary sources, most of the archaeological evidence has disappeared under the modern city. Built by Alexander the Great in 332 BC for its magnificent harbour, the city became the commercial gateway to Egypt and a centre of



learning filled with gardens, fountains and temples.

"We are opening a whole new world. This is the world's heritage," declared Gaballa Ali Gaballa, Egypt's chief archaeologist. Rather than draining part

of the bay or removing the statues, he proposes constructing the network of underwater tunnels. Most of the site is under 6 metres of water.

A feasibility study for the museum has been started and

funds are being sought from Unesco. "It sounds crazy, but I know it is not crazy. I know it can be done," says Dr Gaballa. Another suggestion has been to use a glass submarine to take tourists down below.

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
November 8 1998

Muhammad Yunus is a banker who has a plan to end world poverty with £17 and a lot of trust. And in Bangladesh it works. Here he explains how

Credit where credit's due

THERE are many ways for people to die, but somehow dying of starvation is the most unacceptable of all. It happens in slow motion. Second by second, the distance between life and death becomes smaller and smaller.

At one point, life and death are in such close proximity one can hardly see the difference, and one literally doesn't know if the mother and child prostrate on the ground are of this world or the next. Death happens so quietly, so inexorably, you don't even hear it.

And all this happens because a person does not have a handful of food to eat at each meal. The tiny baby, who does not yet understand the mystery of the world, cries and cries, and finally falls asleep, without the milk it needs so badly. The next day maybe it won't even have the strength to cry.

I used to get excited teaching my university students in Bangladesh how economic theories provided answers to economic problems of all types. I got carried away by the beauty and elegance of these theories. Yet all of a sudden I started having an empty feeling. What good were all these elegant theories when people died of starvation on pavements and on doorsteps? My classroom now seemed to me like a cinema where you could relax because you knew that the good guy in the film would ultimately win. In the classroom I knew, right from the beginning, that each economic problem would have an elegant ending. But when I came out of the classroom I was faced with the real world. Here, good guys were mercilessly beaten and trampled.

I wanted to understand the reality around a poor person's existence and discover the real-life economics that were played out every day in my country so I decided to spend some time in the neighbouring village of Jobra.

I decided I would become a student all over again, and Jobra would be my university.

One day, as my colleague and I were making our rounds there, we stopped at a completely run-down house. We saw a woman working with bamboo, making a stool.

She was squatting on the dirt floor of her veranda under the low, rotten, thatched roof of her house, totally absorbed in her work. She was holding the half-finished stool between her knees while plaiting the strands of bamboo cane.

Children were running around naked in the yard. Neighbours appeared and watched us, wondering what we were doing there.

She was in her early 20s, thin, with dark skin, black eyes. She wore a red sari and could have been any one of a million women who labour every day from morning to night in utter destitution.

Her name was Sufia Begum and she was 21 years old.

"Do you own this bamboo?" I asked her.

"Yes."

"How do you get it?"

"I buy it."

"How much does the bamboo cost you?"

"Five taka." That was 13 pence (21 US cents).

"Do you have five taka?"

"No, I borrow it from the paikars."

"The middlemen? What is your arrangement with them?"

"I must sell my bamboo stools back to them at the end of the day, so as to repay my loan. That way what is left over to me is my profit."

"How much do you sell it for?"

"Five taka and 50 paise."

"So you make 50 paise profit?"

She nodded. That came to a profit of just over a penny.

"And could you borrow the cash and buy your own raw material?"

"Yes, but the money-lender would demand a lot. And people who start with them only get poorer."

"How much do the money-lenders charge?"

"It depends. Sometimes they charge 10 per cent per week. I even have a neighbour who is paying 10 per cent per day."

Sufia set to work again, because she did not want to lose any time talking with us. I watched her small, brown hands plaiting the strands of bamboo as they had every day for months and years on end. This was her livelihood. She squatted on the hard mud. Her fingers were calloused, her nails black with grime.

It seemed to me that Sufia's status as a virtually a bonded slave was never going to change if she could not find that five taka to start with. Credit could bring her that money. She could then sell her products in a free market and could get a much better spread between the cost of her materials and her sale price.

The next day I called in a university student who collected data for me, and I asked her to assist me in making a list of how many in Jobra, like Sufia, were borrowing from traders and missing out on what they should have been earning from the fruits of their labours.

Within a week, we had prepared a list. It named 42 people who in total had borrowed 856 taka, a total of less than £17 (\$98).

"My God, my God, all this misery in these 42 families all because of the lack of £17!" I exclaimed.

My mind wouldn't let this problem lie. I wanted to be of help to these 42 able-bodied, hard-working people. I kept going round and round the problem, like a dog worrying his bone. If I lent them £17, they could sell their products to anyone; they could then get the highest possible return for their labour, and would not be limited to the usurious practices of the money-lenders.

I lent them £17 and said they could repay me whenever they could afford to. Over the next week, it struck me that what I had done was not sufficient because it was only a personal and emotional solution. I had simply lent £17, but what I had to do was to provide an institutional solution.

That was the beginning of it all. I was not trying to become a money-lender; I had no intention of lending money to anyone; all I really wanted was to solve an immediate problem. Even to this day I still view myself, my work and that of my colleagues,



Muhammad Yunus: Women come first. PHOTOGRAPH: GRAHAM TURNER

as devoted to solving the same immediate problem: the problem of poverty which humiliates and denigrates everything that a human being stands for.

We did not know anything about how to run a bank for the poor, so we had to learn from scratch. I wanted to cover all aspects of rural lives such as trading, small manufacturing, retailing and even selling door to door. I want this to be a rural bank, not a bank merely concerned with crops and farms. So I called it Grameen Bank which comes from the word "gram" and means "village".

Our clients do not need to show how large their savings are and how much wealth they have, they need to prove how poor they are, how little savings they have.

To my amazement and surprise the repayment of loans by people who borrow without collateral is much better than those whose borrowings are secured by enormous assets. Indeed, more than 98 per cent of our loans are repaid because the poor know this is the only opportunity they have to break out of their poverty. And they don't have

any cushion whatsoever to fall back on. If they fall foul of this one loan, how will they survive? On the other hand, people who are well-off don't care what the law will do to them because they know how to manipulate it. People at the bottom are afraid of everything, so they want to do a good job because they have to. They have no choice.

In structuring our own loans, I made the payments so small that the borrower would not miss the money, would not even notice it. This was a way to overcome the psychological barrier of "parting with all that money". I decided to make it a daily payment. The monitoring would be easier, I would be able to tell right away who was paying and who was falling behind in their payments.

I also thought it would enhance self-discipline among people who had never borrowed before in their lives, and would give them the confidence that they could manage it. "Slowly we developed our own delivery/recovery mechanism, and of course we made many mistakes along the way."

Today we have arrived at a simple repayment mechanism that all our

borrowers understand almost immediately: one-year loans, equal weekly instalments, repayment starts one week after the loan, interest rate of 20 per cent (far less than the usurers), repayment amounts to 2 per cent per week for 50 weeks.

Now we have more than 12,000 employees and 1,112 branches in Bangladesh. The staff meet more than 2,300,000 borrowers face to face to each week, on their doorstep. Each month we lend out more than \$35 million in tiny loans. At the same time, almost, a similar amount comes back to us in repayments.

Gradually we focused almost exclusively on lending to women. If the goals of economic development include improved standards of living, removal of poverty, access to dignified employment, and reduction in inequality, then it is quite natural to start with women. They constitute the majority of the poor, the underemployed and the economically and socially disadvantaged. And since they were closer to the children, women were also our key to the future of Bangladesh.

This was not easy. The first and most formidable opposition came from the husbands. Next the in-laws. Then the professional people, and even government officials.

Being poor in Bangladesh is tough for everyone, but being a poor woman is toughest of all. When she is given the smallest opportunity, she struggles extra hard to get out of poverty.

The life story of Aminun Amina, one of our first borrowers, illustrates what micro-credit can do for a street beggar. Of her six children, four had died of hunger or disease. Only two daughters survived. Her husband, much older than her, was ill. For several years, he had spent most of the family assets on trying to find a cure.

After his death, all that Amina had left was the house. She was in here and had never earned an income before. Her in-laws tried to expel her and her children from the house where she had lived for 20 years, but she refused to leave.

She tried selling home-made cakes and biscuits door-to-door, but one day she returned to find her brother-in-law had sold her tin roof, and the buyer was busy removing it. Now the rainy season started, and she was cold, hungry and too poor to make food to sell. All she had, she used to feed her own children.

Because she was a proud woman, she begged, but only in nearby villages. As she had no roof to protect her house, the monsoon destroyed her mud walls. One day when she returned she found her house had collapsed, and she started screaming: "Where is my daughter? Where is my baby?" She found her older child dead under the rubble of her house.

When my colleague Nurjahan met her in 1976, she held her only surviving child in her arms. She was hungry, heartbroken and desperate.

There was no question of any money-lender, much less a commercial bank, giving her credit. But with small loans she started making bamboo baskets and remained a borrower to the end of her days. Now her daughter is a member of Grameen.

Today, we have more than 2 million such life stories, one for each of our members.

Banker to the Poor by Muhammad Yunus and Alan Jolis is published by the Aurum Press at £20. If you wish to order it at the special price of £17 contact CultureShop (see page 33)

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Letter from Burma Mark Harris

Endurance test

THE Enlightened One had chosen to transcend his earth-capsule from the peace of the hill-temple high above eastern Burma.

Methodically pulling back its saffron robe, a monk reveals the corpse of his 11-year-old master. "He had told me the day he was going to die and asked me to prepare for him to be laid in the brick-room next to the main temple." With no embalming and no decay, the eyes are still as piercing as the day he had predicted the timing of his own death. Buddhist pilgrims still climb up here to marvel at this mysterious preservation.

Below the shrine, a treacherous road cuts through the jumbled mountains of the Shan highlands; a trade route from the Thai Golden Triangle to the China border. The combination of monsoon rains and strategic road mismanagement means that the 250km drive takes anything from a day to a whole week. Landslides, multiple pile-ups in the mud and communal digging out of entrenched vehicles make the journey a nightmare.

Firmly in the driving seat is the Tatmadaw — the ruling armed forces from the Bamar ethnic group of the lowlands. Continuing the tradition of *corvée* labour, these soldiers force villagers to quarry the rocks and provide supplies for the construction of the road.

In the Shan villages, stone production has become a necessary inclusion in the division of labour. Each family must produce a quota to be piled at neat intervals beside the road. An elderly Shan man, forced into the unenviable task of co-ordinating the response to the military's demands, gesticulates that failure to provide the quota results in a rifle-butt to the head.

Adolescent conscripts from the Burmese coastal plains are posted in the Shan highlands to fight the losing battle with the mud road. Roadwork builds up their stamina for future military manoeuvres in enforcing the State Peace and Development Council ideology of "People's Desire": "Crush all internal and external destructive elements as the common enemy." Along the road, the youngsters learn the language of the "crush", heavily accented with extortion ranging from checkpoint bribery to state-legitimised looting of villages.

Here in the Shan villages, locals

talk of soldiers arriving and demanding food, firewood, livestock and other provisions. One villager says soldiers arrived uninvited at his sister's wedding reception and devoured all the food and rice wine so important in the local marriage customs. There are even reports of villagers being forced into poppy cultivation for an added military bonus — Burma is still the world's biggest opium producer.

Often the strongest men from the villages are singled out as front-line porters in areas of resistance, and there are accounts of village girls being handpicked by soldiers and raped. Shan resistance pamphlets report whole villages being forcibly relocated and document the atrocities committed by what they call "the military narco-dictatorship".

In the isolated town of Kengtung, the soaring stupas of the Buddhist temples hint at its previous importance as a spiritual centre and the royal seat of the Khun culture. When I ask directions to the much-revered Haw Sao Ha palace, a local woman points to a black-glassed eyesore. She explains that, despite the protests of monks and locals, the magnificent palace was recently demolished by the Tatmadaw, paving the way for the building of an over-sized government hotel: an unforgivable attempt to further destroy the local culture. Shops still sell under-the-counter images of the palace for secret family worship to preserve its place in the collective memory.

The heavy military presence reveals Rangoon's new agenda for the hill town that is now a strategic stronghold against Shan insurgents and opium "control". In front of the town office the slogans of the "People's Desire" spell it out: "Oppose those trying to jeopardise the stability of the state," which I take to mean ethnic groups resisting cultural annihilation or students who lost their universities for supporting democracy activist and Nobel Peace Prize winner Aung San Suu Kyi, known in the media as "the infamous democracy princess" or "the wife of a White".

The ageing disciple redresses the burnished body with saffron robes: "I have stayed here ever since to take care of him. Up here I can learn. Here there is silence."

Staring across the paddy terraces, he looks down on the very earthly world below.

A Country Diary

Steve Wratton

BANKS Peninsula, New Zealand: We left the sunken volcanic crater that forms Akaroa harbour, with its red-billed gulls bathing in the streams entering the sea, and began our walk towards the crater rim. The steep tracks started at Rue Lavaud, the name a reminder of the French sea captain who brought colonists here around 1846 and whose descendants still live in the town.

We had walked for 30 minutes and left behind most of the European birds of the lowlands: only an occasional song thrush or duncock could be heard singing in the still, grey spring morning. By contrast, the vibrant song of bellbirds was all around. As we climbed higher, we started to enter the cloud layer,

where the only birds were New Zealand pipits, calling to each other from their basalt rock perches, and tomils, flitting along fence posts until they reached the limits of their territories. The plants, too, were now mainly natives, and with the gorse and broom left behind, we tried to identify the commonest hebes. Willow-leaved hebe, native to the South Island, was easy, but *Hebe laurandiana*, also named after the French sailor, was less easily found.

As we came out of the mist and returned to Akaroa, we flushed out a pair of cirl bunting on a scrubby hillside — a reminder that we had re-entered the domain of European fauna and that some bird species, such as the English bunting, are probably more common here than in their place of origin.



Contact with 'untouchables' is avoided by Hindus of higher standing

Genes reveal the caste system's durability

Robin McKie

SCIENTISTS have uncovered a pattern of genetic differences that underpins the caste system in India. They have found that variations in social rank are mirrored in DNA.

The link is not a causal one, however. Genes do not dictate a person's social rank; instead they show that each caste has developed a distinctive genetic profile because there is little intermarriage. This is particularly true for men while, intriguingly, women's genes suggest they have some social mobility.

India's Hindus are stratified into around 2,000 castes, each grouped into four *varnas* that dictate a per-

son's access to education, occupation and status. Marriages between individuals of different *varnas* are strongly discouraged.

To study how deeply these divisions have affected Indians, a team led by Dr Michael Bamshad of Utah university in the United States studied the genetic material of 250 people from 12 different castes in Andhra Pradesh state in southern India.

In particular, they examined their mitochondrial DNA, which is inherited only from mothers, and Y chromosomes, inherited only from fathers.

Their analysis showed that a man's DNA is highly specific to his caste. With women this link was less pronounced, DNA typical of

one caste sometimes being found adjoining castes. The discovery suggests that women occasionally marry men from higher castes, producing children that have their husband's social rank.

As the researchers state in a magazine *Nature*: "The stratification of the Hindu caste system is driven by women." Geneticist Dr Sue Jones, of University College London, agreed. "Now that we can separate differences in female genetic patterns from those of men, we have a very powerful tool for analysing past human behaviour."

One example now being studied by researchers is the impact the Viking raiders had on Britain's genetic heritage 1,000 years ago.

Notes & Queries Joseph Harker

WHAT determines the radius of the arc of a rainbow?

WHEN an observer sees a rainbow he sees it at a fixed angle of 42 degrees, going outward from the anti-solar point, ie, the point in front of the viewer opposite the sun. If the sun is high in the sky, ie, more than 42 degrees above the horizon, then no rainbow is visible; but as the angle of the sun decreases below 42 degrees, usually during the evening, more of the rainbow can be seen. If the sun is setting as a shower passes, then a full half bow is seen with the bow a complete 42 degrees from the anti-solar point, which is just below the horizon. The secondary bow is formed when the rays of light are doubly-refracted within the raindrop, and this time the position of the bow is fixed at 52 degrees from the anti-solar point and outside the primary bow. The order of colours is reversed. So the height of the bow is determined by the sun's angle above the horizon. — Adam and Lindsay Thorne, Pershore, Worcestershire

DO OR DID zombies exist?

NOW, zombies are found mainly in front of TV sets. Originally, Zombie was the python god of certain West African tribes, who (as slaves) carried its worship to Haiti and the southern US in the form of voodoo. Like the TV addict, the ritual involved the apparent resurrection of an otherwise dead body known as a zombie. — Ted Webber, Kuwarra Beach, Queensland, Australia

THE radius depends on the distance of the observer from the droplets producing the rainbow. The greater this distance, the greater the radius. A few years ago I was flying from Alderney to Southampton in a light aircraft on a sunny day when the sky was dotted with cumulus clouds. The sun was

directly behind us, and as we approached each cloud we could see a completely circular rainbow, with the shadow of the aircraft at its centre. As we drew nearer, the circle diminished in size, vanishing as we entered the cloud. — Kate Wright, Amphil, Bedfordshire

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WHAT is the term for getting the lyrics to songs wrong?

JUST AS one can mis-hear words (as in the hymn "Gladly, the cross-eyed bear"), one can also misread words. The example I remember from childhood is "miled", the past tense of the verb "to mislead". Many days on TV, when I hear "wee nights at 6.30", I see small horses galloping across the screen. — Stephen Hodgkin, Canberra, Australia

Any answers?

IF I WERE given a loaded revolver and diplomatic immunity, would it be all right to go and shoot Pinochet? — Corrie Doyle, Cleethorpes, Lincolnshire

WHY are rings (paedophile drug) nasty, but circles (family, friends) nice? — Sue Carey, Victoria, Australia

Answers should be e-mailed to weekly@guardian.co.uk, faxed to 0171-44171-242-0985, or posted to The Guardian Weekly, 75 Finsbury Road, London EC1M 3HQ. The Notes & Queries website is at <http://nq.guardian.co.uk/>

GUARDIAN WEEKLY November 6 1998

The great leapfrog forward

A clash of cultures looms at the global warming talks in Buenos Aires, writes Fred Pearce

MASAI tribesmen in Kenya are lighting their mud huts with solar panels. The plains of India are whirling to the sound of wind turbines. In Brazil, cars run on alcohol fermented from sugar cane. Has the age of coal and oil passed? Can these fast-developing nations "leapfrog" from rural economies to industrial powerhouses without following the West and burning billions of tonnes of coal and oil, and pumping out greenhouse gases? Can they grow rich without turning the planet into a cauldron of climate change?

One man who says they can is Brazilian physics professor Jose Goldemberg. A former rector of the University of São Paulo, he was the Brazilian minister for both science and environment in the early 1990s. Before that he headed the electricity utility in São Paulo, the largest city in the southern hemisphere. Now he is back at the university as a professor. "Developing countries have a fundamental choice," he says. "They can mimic the industrialised nations and go through an economic development phase that is dirty, wasteful and creates an enormous legacy of environmental pollution; or they can leapfrog... and incorporate modern and efficient technologies."

Consider, he says, how developing world villages, where more than 2 billion people live without electricity, might light their huts. There is the old way: an ordinary electric light bulb hooked to distant coal-burning power stations. That way, only 1 per cent of the original fuel provides energy for the light because of the inefficiency of the power station, the transmission lines and the light bulb. Or they can leapfrog to a low-energy compact fluorescent lightbulb powered by a solar panel on the hut roof, creating the "zero-emission village".

Goldemberg is an optimist. The amount of carbon dioxide, the most important greenhouse gas, emitted for every unit of energy produced has been falling gradually for a century and a half. Every generation has industrialised at less environmental cost than the preceding one. One important hurdle to leapfrog is fossil fuel burning, which releases huge amounts of carbon dioxide. But living carbon, and the biomass can be regrown, sucking from the atmosphere all the CO₂ released by burning the previous crop. In one technology Brazil has led the way, powering its vehicles on ethanol from fermented sugar cane juice. This industry, begun in the 1970s to reduce reliance on foreign oil, uses 4 million hectares of sugar plantations to fuel half Brazil's vehicles while reducing CO₂ emissions each year by 18 per cent. Ethanol has a similar uptake to petrol and runs in almost standard engines, although Brazil developed its own motorbike that runs on the fuel. At first the government subsidised the production of ethanol heavily to get the scheme off the ground. Now it has become a standard fuel and could benefit other sugar-growing countries such as Zimbabwe and Cuba.

Goldemberg also sees big potential in burning more wood. This won't mean huddling round the campfire, or even relying on today's low-pressure wood boilers.

The leapfrog technology is gasification: wood from "energy farms" is turned to gas, then fed into a gas turbine. This has a thermal efficiency of around 45 per cent, compared with 10 per cent or less when burning wood in low-pressure boilers. The World Bank's Global Environment Facility, a key funder of leapfrog energy projects, has helped to build such a plant in Brazil.

Wind and solar and hydroelectric power all have huge potential. Solar power remains a novelty in Europe, but is taking hold in Africa and solar panels are widely available in city markets in Nairobi. Last month the energy giant Royal Dutch Shell announced a \$30 million investment to bring solar power to 50,000 homes currently without electricity in rural South Africa.

A clash between the developed and the developing world looms in Buenos Aires this week at the fourth conference of parties to the United Nations' Climate Change Convention. The summit faces the threat from the US Congress not to cut US greenhouse gas emissions until the developing nations agree to limits on their own, much lower emissions. For example, the US emits 5.4 tonnes of CO₂ per head of

population, while the UK emits 2.8 tonnes (a typical figure for Europe). Argentina, the conference host, emits 1 tonne per head, China 0.7 and India 0.3.

The developing countries won't stand for such arrogance — unless leapfrogging offers a painless way out. Earlier this year, in the journal *Energy Policy*, Goldemberg wrote that in the past six years some developing countries had made greater strides in keeping rises in CO₂ emissions below rises in economic activity than their richer counterparts.

By cutting subsidies for coal, China had triggered efficiency gains at power stations that reduced CO₂ emissions by 155 million tonnes a year, virtually the same as Britain's total emissions. India's subsidies for wind turbines have turned

it into the world's third largest producer of wind energy.

Last year Goldemberg persuaded his government to declare that, within 10 years, Brazil should accept limits on its emissions of carbon dioxide. Since then Brazil's neighbour, Argentina, and South Korea have both made similar noises. The battle to reconcile fairness with planetary protection is far from over, as delegates will hear in Buenos Aires.

But in the long term some in the developing world believe that the world has no option but to go for greenhouse-friendly energy technologies. And if they no longer want to borrow hand-me-down technologies to get rich, they have to leapfrog to these new technologies. If the future is green, they want to be there first.

ENVIRONMENT 27

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ILLUSTRATION: BARRY LARKING

Middle Ages spread

Paul Evans

WET, WARM and wild, the wind swings in from the west and rakes across the Edge, blowing leaves like yellow sparks from a bonfire. Inside the wood, the wind thickens the incoming Atlantic weather with a voice that sounds like rocks rolling under the tide. The downpours further west in Wales have caused the worst flooding for 20 years and are now swelling inexorably through the Shropshire lowlands.

During an early morning lull in the rain, with the wind freshening, a patch of sky and shadow between ash and holly takes on a living shape. A few yards away a deer steps lightly, as if asleep-walking. She is dappled with creamy white spots and stripes across fawn flanks, and I recognise her as the lead female of a group which ranges this wood and its edges, often seen testing the ground before the others follow.

The wind is blowing away from her, so she's unaware of my presence. She walks a few steps, browses, lifts her head into the wind and scans dreamily, as if rapt in an inner life which blends seamlessly, like her dappled markings, with the wood itself. Big, for a fallow deer, she appears almost weightless and ethereal.

Fallow deer roamed Britain

during previous inter-glacial periods but, unlike red and roe deer, they did not make it back from Europe after the last Ice Age. Their homeland now is in the Eastern Mediterranean countries known as the Levant or Near East.

Although it was once assumed that the Romans introduced fallow deer, there were no Anglo-Saxon or contemporary Welsh references to substantiate this. If the Romans did introduce them, they did not persist in the wild.

It was not until the Middle Ages that the ancestors of this fallow deer arrived in Britain. In the early 12th century the Normans who colonised England established parks and protected forest enclosures for keeping exotic creatures for hunting, a practice they had learned from the Normans who colonised Sicily, who in turn had acquired the practice from classical and Islamic traditions of keeping exotic animals.

Fallow deer remained inside deer parks for many centuries until the 1920s when they began to establish themselves in the wider countryside. Now present in every English county, much of Ireland, Wales and southern Scotland, fallow, together with red, roe and more recently introduced species such as muntjak and Chinese water deer, have had a spectacular population ex-

pansion. Part of this may be due to the reduction of people who work on the land, leaving larger areas of the countryside free from human incursions. Certainly, until fairly recently, escaped deer would not last long in the wild.

There are fears that this explosion in deer populations is having an adverse effect on woodland and that, like many American states, a reduction in hunting and a lack of predators will lead to a deterioration in habitat, and poor health and starvation among the deer. However, deer are our largest land mammals and arouse deep feelings of sympathy. They certainly add a dimension to the woods not seen since the Middle Ages. Few imagine that a large-scale deer cull would win popular support.

She's only 20 paces away and I begin to feel like a voyeur, knowing that when she is aware of my presence she'll panic and the spell which encloses her will be broken. When the doe notices me there's a flash of recognition and a slight leap of movement, but she doesn't flee. She retreats to the edge of a steep bank and watches intently. Perhaps she's seen me many more times than I've seen her, and knows I'm no real threat. She watches as I move off. Then the noise of the wind picks up and scatters her dappled shadow into the wood.

Chess Leonard Barden

NOW IT'S getting nasty. England's captain David Norwood has resigned after the mediocre result of the second favourites at the Elista Olympiad. Meanwhile Nigel Short, who drew eight games in a row and admits "an excess of partying", criticises world No 4 Michael Adams for "general lack of enthusiasm". Tony Miles for unwillingness to sit next to the "fidgety" Jon Speelman, and Norwood himself for spending too much time in the bar, a charge to which Norwood counters, "I think we all got worn down a bit by the vodka".

What will ordinary club players make of all this? What will the British Chess Federation's present and potential sponsors think? The Kalmykian partygoers may have done significant damage, not least to their fellow professional GMs and IMs who exist on small incomes from coaching and Open prize money.

As far as the team goes, the immediate answer should be to appoint as captain the hard-working and reliable GM John Emms, a proven coach and motivator. And, while England has an ageing squad, 15-year-old Etienne Bacrot played No 2 for France and Ruslan Ponomarev, aged 14, got a board 5 prize for Ukraine.

So it wouldn't surprise me at all if England's team for the 2008 Olympiad includes Luke McShane, now 14, Murugan Thiruchelvam, 9, and David Howell, 7. These and other talented youngsters should be brought on as fast as possible. This should mean an end to the silly BCF ageist barriers that prevent our boys and girls from competing in the youngest groups at world and European championships.

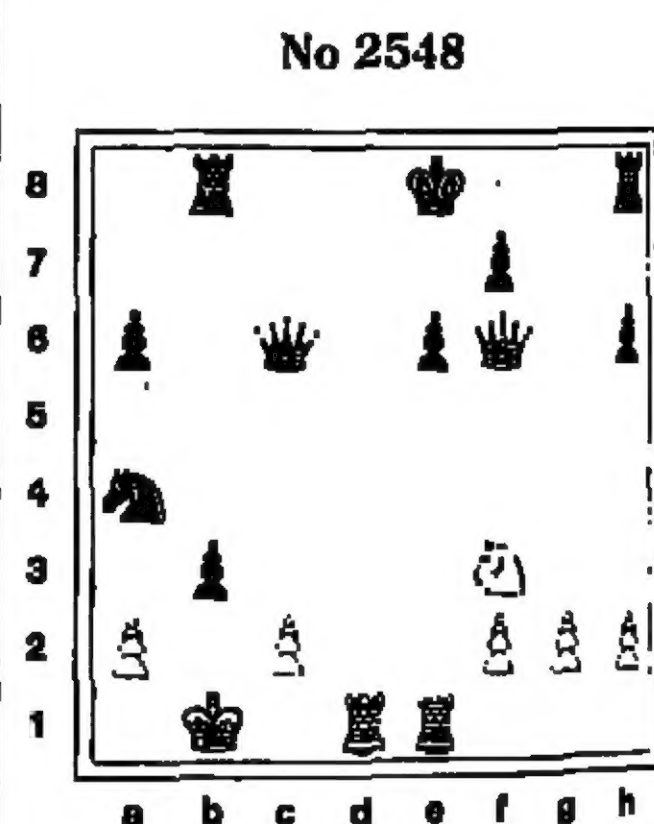
The latest is the World U12 girls rapidplay championship in Paris, starting on November 14, where the BCF plans to be unrepresented, even though 11-year-old Jessie Gilbert has an obvious claim for selection. Gilbert, in fifth place in the national Onyx women's Prikette with only four British championship players ahead of her, is in the top 10 of her age group, including boys,

and has shown a marked recent improvement which the BCF hasn't bothered to monitor.

M Thiruchelvam v B Lalic, Kent Open, Maidstone 1998

1 e4 c5 2 Nf3 e6 3 e4 Nc6 4 Nc3 Nf6 5 Be2 a6 6 0-0 Qc7 7 d4 cxd4 8 Nxd4 Nxd4 9 Qxd4 Be5 10 Qd3 h5 11 h3 Qe5 12 Be3 g5 13 Bxc5 Qxc5 14 Rad1 Ke7 15 Qd4 d6 16 f4? An oversight which turns out well, but if Qxc5 dxc5 17 f4 with Bf3 and e5 is simpler.

Qxd4+ 17 Rxd4 gxf4 18 Rd1 Ne8 19 Na4 e5 20 Nb6 exd1 21 Nxa8 Nf6 22 Ne7! More accurate than 22 Nb6 Ke6. Kd7 23 Nd5+ Ke6 24 Na6 Kd6 25 Rxd4 Ke7 drawn. The 9-year-old scores the youngest draw yet with a GM. White is better in the final position and may soon win a pawn by 26 Kf2.



Janos Asztalos v Alexander Alekhine, Bled 1931. Those who miss a chance to beat a reigning world champion never live it down. Asztalos (White, to move) can win both rucks by 1 Qxh8+ and 2 Qxb8, but then Alekhine checkmated by Qxc2+ and Qa2. So the Hungarian (timidly) captured 1 axb3 Nc3-2 Kc1 with an eventual draw. How could White have won?

No 2547: 1... Qh5? 2 Qe4! Bxb3 Qxa5 wins a piece.



The Thought-Fox

*I imagine this midnight moment's forest:
Something else is alive
Beside the clock's loneliness
And this blank page where my fingers move.*

*Through the window I see no star:
Something more near
Though deeper within darkness
Is entering the loneliness:*

*Cold, delicately as the dark snow,
A fox's nose touches twig, leaf;
Two eyes serve a movement, that now
And again now, and now, and now*

*Sets neat prints into the snow
Between trees, and warily a lame
Shadow lags by stump and in hollow
Of a body that is bold to come*

*Across clearings, an eye,
A widening deepening greenness,
Brilliantly, concentratedly,
Coming about its own business*

*Till, with a sudden sharp hot sink of fox
It enters the dark holt of the head.
The window is starless still: the clock ticks,
The page is printed.*

From *The Hawk in the Rain* (Faber, 1957)

Poet of the spirits of the land

Ted Hughes

EDWARD James Hughes, who died last week after a long battle with cancer, was, after W H Auden, arguably the finest English poet of the century. To the public he was best known for being Poet Laureate (the post he held since 1984), as the unlucky husband of the American poet Sylvia Plath, as a writer for children, and as a poet who had an unusual gift for evoking the natural world, especially the lives of animals.

But his public image, if anything, tends to underestimate his actual cultural importance. He was a writer of very wide sympathies and a huge influence on other poets, from Seamus Heaney to R S Thomas. Beyond his surface subject material, any first reader of his work is most likely to be struck by its extreme intensity, a quality it shares with the work of Plath.

Unlike Plath, however, Hughes worked on a much grander canvas. He is perhaps best seen as a critic of the mainstream of Western culture, particularly of the utilitarian rationalism arising from the Enlightenment. In this he is in line with such writers as William Blake, W B Yeats and D H Lawrence. Although his sharp sense of humour has often been insufficiently acknowledged, this owes a lot to the uncompromising texture of the poetry, the sense in which in each poem, it is more than England, more than the West, which is at stake: it is existence itself.

Such an all-embracing, ambitious vision of poetry is easily derided. When he was parodied, affectionately and in a very English way, by Private Eye or Wendy Cope, the parodists would usually draw attention to how, in a Hughes poem, a simple

act like drinking a cup of tea would be transformed into an event of shattering, cosmic significance. Nothing could just be casual.

But then Hughes, as a young man, was reacting to a poetic generation who wanted to render everything in a casual manner. The Movement writers who preceded him, such as Donald Davie and Kingsley Amis, had embraced a poetry of deliberately limited aims. Having experienced, as they had seen it, the worst consequences of irrational forces on the loose — romantic nationalism, group hysteria, charismatic dictators — during the second world war, they had naturally sought a more sceptical, commonsensical mode of expression.

Hughes, with some sympathy, describes that exhausted generation as having returned to England, wanting little more than "a nice cigarette and a view of the park". But whatever sympathy, on a personal level, he had for their feelings, he did not extend it into his work, where everything, as he put it, "was up for grabs". While the Movement could blame the rampant phantasies of the unconscious for the war, phantoms which now ought to be repressed, Hughes saw the war as a consequence of the inner wars and wounds of the Western mind, damage he felt ought to be faced and healed.

As a poetic force, Hughes emerged in 1957 with the much-lauded, prize-winning collection *The Hawk in the Rain*. It was a confident and original beginning; its harsh, sharp, Anglo-Saxon sounding rhythm and diction, its vivid, grandiose imagery and its sheer energy immediately set it apart from contemporary work.

The landscape of Hughes's early work, which remained a major inspiration throughout his career, was

that of the Yorkshire Pennines where he grew up. Hughes was born in the Calder Valley, in a town with the evocative name of Mytholmroyd. Later he wrote of the bald, unforgiving expanse of the Moors as "a stage/ For the performance of Heaven./ Any audience is incidental". In a manner reminiscent of Wordsworth, his childhood was shadowed over by a 600-ft-high scoop face, known as Scout Rock. Hughes, together with his elder brother, Gerald, used to explore the region around the rock and it quickly came to dominate his imagination.

As he later pointed out in his homage to the area, *Remains of Elmet*, he was conscious how he had grown up in a grievously damaged place: "Gradually it dawned on you that you were living among the survivors, in the remains."

Hughes would also encounter this survivor ethos, in an extreme and troubling form, in Sylvia Plath, his first wife. Hughes met her at a Cambridge literary party in February 1956, and, after a sizzling romance, they were married four months later. It was Plath's drive and organisational abilities, together with the faith she had in his work, which hugely contributed to the publication of *The Hawk in the Rain*.

A brilliant student, troubled by the early loss of her father, and by the high but confused expectations of those around her, Plath had been fortunate to survive a previous suicide attempt. Initially the stronger poetic force, Hughes made his wide, esoteric reading and his poetic theories and processes available to her. Their inner worlds, to a large degree, converged.

At Cambridge university, Hughes had begun his degree in English, but after two years, discouraged by

the course's limited horizons, he switched to anthropology. During his third year, Hughes read much about the role of poetry in primitive societies and immersed himself in folklore. His exposure to such sources remained a very significant influence on all his writing, sometimes accounting for its beguiling obscurity.

Hughes was especially fascinated by the animism of early cultures, their recognition and characterisation of the spirits immanent in things — animals, stones, rivers, trees — an animism which he felt would be a corrective to the damagingly functional Western view of the environment, a view he blamed for the ruined landscape of his childhood.

SUCH themes and influences began to emerge in his second book, *Lupercal*, published in 1960. Although it was not the most ambitious of his books, Hughes emerged in it as a mature and powerful poet. In *Lupercal* one finds many of the animal poems for which he is best remembered, his much anthologised evocations of the jaguar, pike and otter, as well as his menacing, meandering identification with the hawk roosting high in a tree:

*The sun is behind me.
Nothing has changed since I began.
My eye has permitted no change.
I am going to keep things like this.*

With the success of *Lupercal*, Hughes was now recognised as one of the major poets of his generation. Although Plath had borne him two children, he had gradually become alienated by her mood-swings and jealousy. After beginning an affair with a married woman, Assia Wevill, he separated from Plath. Left

in her London flat to bringing up two children alone, Plath became increasingly depressed during the unprecedentedly harsh winter of 1962-3. It was during this period that she wrote her deeply pessimistic poetic masterpiece, *Ariel*. She committed suicide in February.

Hughes now entered a somewhat rootless period, with his two children, moving back and forth through the 1960s from Ireland to Devon. The experimental volume *Wodwo* consolidated the success of *Lupercal*, but Hughes's personal life was to undergo further trauma with the death of Assia Wevill, and her daughter Shura, in 1969. It was also the year his mother died. These tragedies heavily scorched the poems of his fourth book, *Crow*, which is most likely to endure and for which he is most famous.

Hughes drew on native American Trickster myths for this slangy, crazy and violently irreverent book. *Crow* is capable of extreme cruelty, but he is also something of a child, ambiguously embodying the twisted side of 20th century psychology and history. The book was hugely successful, sharing something of the extremely dark humour of such modern classics as *Catch-22* and *Slaughterhouse Five*.

In 1970, Hughes married his second wife Carol Orchard and finally settled in Devon. His personal life became more peaceful, and the work began to lose a little of its intensity. He bought a secluded farm and withdrew from the literary circuit. He continued to produce work of the highest standard, and after 1975's ambitious, experimental narrative *Gaudete*, his experiences working on the farm were captured in the somewhat underrated 1979 collection *Moorturn*.

Hughes was, along with Philip Larkin and Seamus Heaney, one of the presiding poetic geniuses of the British literary scene. His continuing interest in children's literature, led to his collaboration with Heaney on two anthologies for young readers, *The Rattle Bag* and *The School Bag*, as well as his support for new creative talent through the Arvon Foundation.

After becoming Poet Laureate his collections in the 1980s seem to fall off from his earlier heights. Most of the poems he wrote as Laureate are unlikely to be remembered for literary reasons. But many regard his more recent books, *Birthday Letters* — his unexpected poetic memoir of his marriage to Plath — and his translations in *Tales From Ovid* as close to his best work.

As a poet there is no denying his immense significance. Hughes completely transformed the post-war scene in Britain. He expanded its range of subject matter and lent it several new styles through which it could catch up with the modern world. He renewed its confidence in itself, and encouraged poets to look for universal values in their local landscapes, armed with the vigour of an honest simplicity:

*The farm-roots sink in the water
again, like a whale's fluke.
Sheep fade humbly.
The owl cries eerily, breaking
parade,
With icicles darkening witness.*

He is survived by his wife Carol, and a daughter and son from his first marriage.

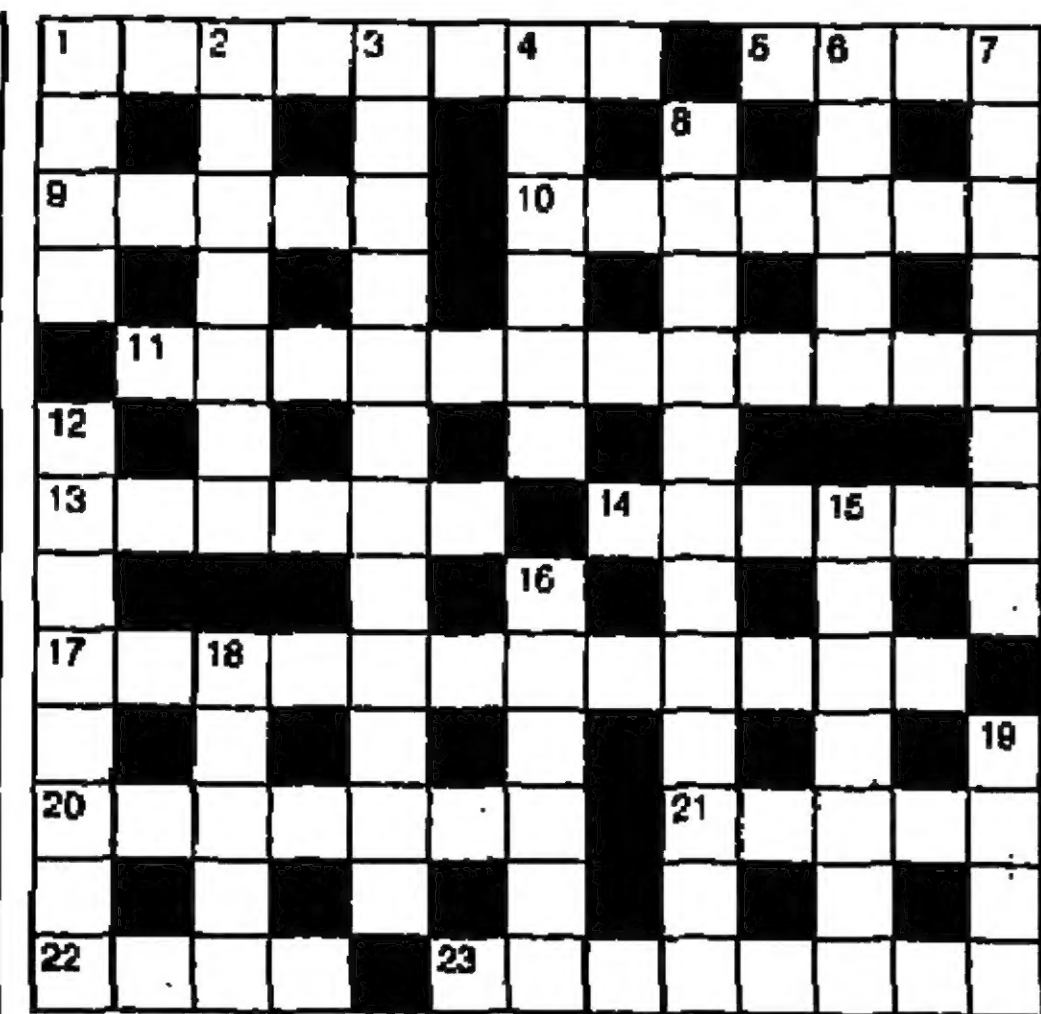
John Redmond

Ted Hughes, poet and critic, born August 17, 1930; died October 28, 1998

Quick crossword no. 443

Across

- 1 Fowler's target (4,4)
- 5 Legend (4)
- 9 Transparent substance (5)
- 10 Feeling of drowsy indolence (7)
- 11 Cheated (in shop etc) (5-7)
- 13 Ground-breaking implement (6)
- 14 Admit (6)
- 17 Insured person (6-8)
- 20 Player of stringed instrument (7)
- 21 Fracture — interval (5)
- 22 Healthy colour? (4)
- 23 Warn of or promise unpleasantness (8)



Last week's solution

UO C PROFUND
LINE APPROACH
TO THE HILL
TOUGH AND
DEBATE HONOUR
ET O A UT O
BOOK NOVA
TAK HOME WART
OT LUE
HOMEPHOT BLAY

Bridge Zia Mahmood

SINCE Harold S Vanderbilt invented contract bridge and you will have the 1920s, many systems of hand valuation have been devised. It might surprise you to know that the present point count — four for an ace, three for a king and so on — was developed fairly late in the day. Before that, people used to value their hands in terms of "quick tricks" or "honour tricks", fractions of which were added and subtracted for length in the trump suit, bare honour holdings and other features of the hand.

But when an American called Milton Work devised the simple 4-3-2-1 system, it swept the board, not because it was more accurate than other methods, but because it was a great deal simpler.

As you make progress at bridge, you'll come to realise that the point count — though fairly reliable — is not always adequate. The problem is that the value it places on certain holdings gives a false picture of their trick-taking potential.

A hand like this:

Q43 J872 Q65 Q73

contains seven points, yet could easily take no tricks at all. Replace all

those queens and jacks by an AK combination and you will have the same seven points, but a full two tricks more. And remember that when the scores are being calculated at the end of the hand, you get nothing for how many points you had — only for how many tricks you took.

Experts these days realise that Mr Work's invaluable contribution to theory undervalues the ace, which ought to be counted as five points more often than not, and overvalues the queen and jack, which are often worthless.

I'm not suggesting that you throw away all the bridge books you have on your shelves. But what I am suggesting is that you try to avoid the fate that befell South on today's deal (see next column).

South mechanically counted his points, and arrived at 16. This was better than minimum, so he bid game. But he ought not to have done — the lack of fit for partner, the lack of strength in the long suit, the concentration of honours in clubs were all factors that should have persuaded him that he did not hold any kind of maximum hand. West, who could tell that the hearts were not breaking and that his

North
♦ 64
♥ A9543
♦ A9
♠ 8642

West
♦ K53
♥ K2
♦ K1083
♠ J1053

South
♦ A Q2
♥ 87
♦ J7542
♠ A K Q

(1) 15-17. (2) Showing a heart suit. (3) Inviting South to bid game with than a minimum hand.

kings were well placed in defence, taught South the error of his ways with a sharp double, and despite possession of 24 points to his opponents' 16, South could make only six tricks to their seven. That cost him 800 points — and those are the points that matter!

John Redmond

A wanton pas de deux

DANCE UMBRELLA FESTIVAL
Judith Mackrell

THE pas de deux is generally understood to be a highly coded metaphor for sex. But in his new duet, *The Hypochondriac Bird*, at the Queen Elizabeth Hall in London, Javier De Frutos strips away the usual conventions to give us as graphic an image of love-making as we're likely to see in dance. In doing so, he also wickedly chooses two of ballet's greatest lovers, Siegfried and Odette from *Swan Lake*, as his protagonists.

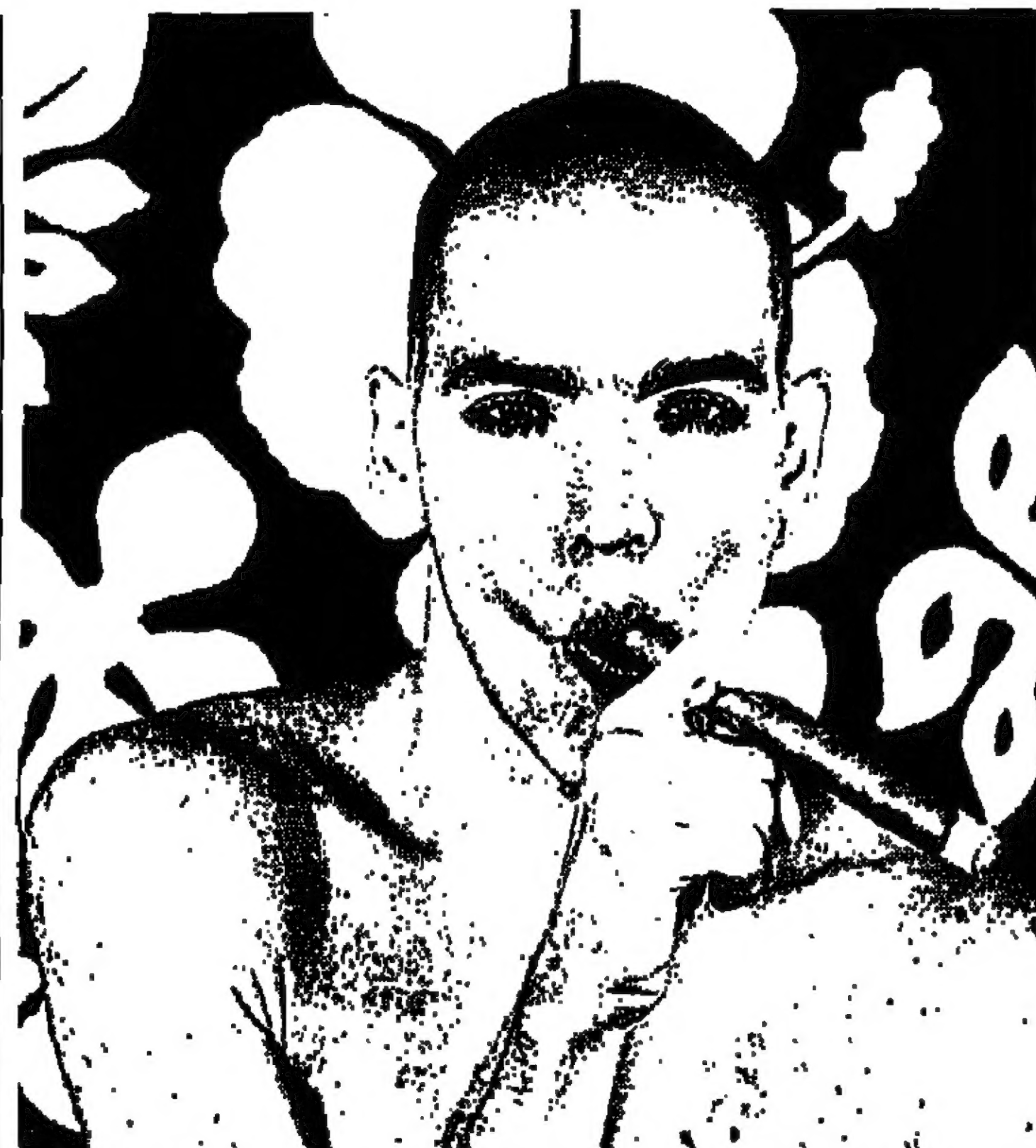
During the first half of the work this idea is explored with enormous wit and charm. De Frutos and his partner, Jamie Watton, appear on a white-lit stage, entwined in a passionate embrace.

De Frutos looks radiant, his torso ecstatically arched, his arm undulating with the exquisite grace of a Swan Queen. Then, as he and Watton begin to dance, it's not so much steps we see as choreographed variations on the sexual act. *The Joy Of Gay Sex*, danced.

With mouths, fingers and groin in unambiguous action, the effect is wantonly erotic. Yet, as they coil and twist together, it's also beautiful and at times very funny. The ancient blues songs that are cut into Tchaikovsky's ballet score have been taped from an equally ancient record and, in one very naughty phrase, De Frutos times his pelvic thrusts exactly to the rhythm of a recurring scratch.

As the duet progresses, Watton emerges as the emotional miser. De Frutos as the histrionic diva craving more sex and more love. Some passages are mischievous references to the original ballet, as when De Frutos translates Odette's fluttering footwork into the tremulous quivering of his fingers, thrust into Watton's fly. Yet they are such expressive performers that we always feel their emotions raw on our nerves. Watton is twitchy, a man whose passions are dangerously close to violence. De Frutos is alternately transfixed with happiness and grotesque with need.

Having explored the see-saw dynamic of their relationship, the work disassurably retreats up its



Javier de Frutos: misjudged indulgence

PHOTOGRAPH: CHRIS NASH

own backside, for an apotheosis that's essentially a 25-minute sexual marathon. De Frutos simply runs out of moves. His relentless recycling of the same actions would be numbing even if it were real sex, and we were doing it. Watching it is a chore. De Frutos is a generous, flamboyant performer, sometimes touched by genius; *The Hypochondriac Bird* is misjudged indulgence.

At the start of his new dance, *Not Garden*, Stephen Petronio gives the audience unequivocal clues about the source of his inspiration — Dante's *Inferno*. Petronio himself dances a brief intercessionary solo to Gounod's *Ave Maria*, black letters scroll through the names of Petronio's personal list of the damned (Hitler, Pol Pot, Calvin Klein), and a trio of bowed bodies dance as if weighted by the burden of sin. But when the choreography kicks into Petronio's trademark freneticism, it is hard to distinguish *Not Garden* from any of his other works.

Apart from the final scene, in which Petronio looms over his

dancers like a falling angel, it is hard to draw even oblique connections with Dante. Rather than mining one of the richest narratives in literature, the dancing simply appears to refer to itself.

There are moments of exhilaration: dance phrases sent into crazy reverse, bodies slicing across each other's speeding tracks with hair's breadth timing. There are also grateful moments when Petronio composes slow, beautiful patterns of dance.

For much of its 70-minute duration, though, Petronio recycles the same full-throttle moves. And he never achieves the kind of structure, the variations of dynamic and tone necessary, to sustain a long performance.

Petronio can get from 0 to 60 steps per minute faster than any other choreographer alive. But he lacks the navigational skills to drive his dance on a long voyage, particularly one based on one of the most profoundly symbolic journeys in Western culture.

Dancer's great leap

OBITUARY
Christopher Gable

CHRISTOPHER GABLE, who has died of cancer aged 58, was a dancer, actor, teacher and the man responsible for saving and sustaining England's Northern Ballet Theatre. He continued to be involved with NBT and with London's Central School of Ballet despite his illness.

Born in Hackney, north London, Gable was allowed by his mother to study dancing on condition that he studied the piano at the same time. At the age of 11 he was accepted for the Sadler's Wells (now Royal) Ballet School. On graduation, he had to spend some time with the Sadler's Wells Opera Ballet and the Covent Garden Opera Ballet before John Field took him into the then touring section of the Royal Ballet, where he stayed from 1957 to 1963.

His first big success, and his first major creation with Lynn Seymour, came with Kenneth MacMillan's *The Invitation* (1960). In which he played the young boy — his youth, charm, and sunny personality ensuring him success. Seymour and Gable were beautifully suited to each other as dancer actors, their bodies responding both technically and emotionally to every demand.

Soon afterwards, Frederick Ashton cast them in *The Two Pigeons*, one of his most tender and endearing ballets, and the artistic potential of this young partnership was again apparent.

In 1963 Gable transferred to the Royal Ballet company at Covent Garden where, in 1964, MacMillan cast him with Seymour and Nureyev in an episode in *Images Of Love*, made to celebrate the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. And a year later MacMillan created his *Romeo And Juliet* on Seymour and Gable — although cruelly they were robbed of the premiere (and the Paul Cezanne film) by box office considerations which dictated that Fonteyn and Nureyev should be the first to dance the ballet. When Seymour and Gable did perform as second cast they left no doubt as to the inspiration the choreographer had gained from creating with them.

In 1967 Gable, who had been

suffering from osteoarthritis in his feet and was also unhappy about some Royal Ballet policies, decided to pursue an acting career, and studied as assiduously for theatre as he had done for the ballet. On stage, he was Lyndsay's Peter Brook's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for the Royal Shakespeare Company, and he worked at the Royal Exchange Theatre, Manchester, for several seasons. He did a considerable amount of television work.

In 1983 Gable co-founded, with Ann Stannard, the Central School of Ballet, a vocational school based in Clerkenwell, where his wife, Carol Needham, a former dancer with the Royal Ballet, was (and is) one of the principal teachers. In 1987 Gable Lynne enticed him from retirement to take the leading role in *A Simple Man*, made for a BBC dance drama commissioned by the City of Salford to celebrate L. S. Lowry's centenary. Gable's portrait of the painter was uncannily realistic. In spring 1987 the ballet was taken into the NBT repertoire and was one of the company's greatest successes. Gable was then invited to become artistic director.

The fortunes and the artistic reputation of NBT were then at a low ebb, and not long after Gable's appointment the Arts Council threatened to close it down. An impassioned plea and pledge of support from Gillian Lynne, and a outcry among critics, led to a stay of execution.

While continuing to codirect the school, and nurturing young talent which might graduate to the NBT, Gable developed a repertoire which has brought NBT great popular success.

Gable received the CBE in 1981 and in 1987-88, his 10th anniversary year as artistic director, an honorary degree from Bradford University. Gable, Lynne once observed was the only performer she knew who could "totally integrate acting and movement so they become indivisible... he is quite simply the best".

Mary Clarke

Christopher Michael Gable, dancer and actor, born March 13, 1940, died October 23, 1998

Singing along with the five-year plan

CINEMA
Gaby Wood

THE SOCIALIST artist, Lenin once said, must dream. But what may he dream about? *East Side Story: The Story Of Socialist Musicals* is a documentary which investigates, through song and dance, the risks of fantasy.

A Soviet musical sounds an impossible idea — after all, musicals were seen as "the flagrant offspring of the capitalist pleasure industry". One can hardly imagine that useful instruction would be taken from *How To Marry A Millionaire*, or hear factory workers chorusing *Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend*. And it's difficult to envisage, as the film-makers put it, "singing along with the five-year plan".

But between 1934 and 1973, about 40 musicals were made in the Soviet Union, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Romania, Bulgaria and Hungary, which have

never before been seen in the West. *East Side Story* was made by Andrew Horn, a young American whose undergraduate film thesis was nominated for an Oscar, and Dana Ranga, a Romanian filmmaker who lives in Berlin. "Some of these films are even good," the production notes say rather glumly. Some of them, to judge on this evidence, are quite wonderful.

Grigori Aleksandrov was a filmmaker who went to Hollywood with Eisenstein. He made friends with Chaplin and hung around for a few years but eventually returned and, in 1934, made an all-singing, all-dancing, all-Russian movie called *The Jolly Fellows*. It was banned but with the support of Maxim Gorky, Aleksandrov took the film to Stalin and, in what must be one of the most ambiguous expressions of approval, Stalin said: "Anyone who dares to make a movie as humorous as this must be a brave man."

The film earned Aleksandrov a military medal, and Stalin encour-

aged more in the same vein. They were forms of propaganda, clearly, but they were also fairy tales: happiness was labour, smiling blondes sang forth from factory floors and baritones drove tractors.

Ranga and Horn tell us that the musical *Volga*, Volga was Stalin's favourite film — he saw it 100 times, and presented a copy to Roosevelt as a gift. Stalin was so supportive of musicals, apparently, that the genre came to be inextricably associated with him: after his death they could no longer be made in the Soviet Union. But soon enough, the DEFA, the film industry of the as yet unwarmed East Germany, found it was losing its audiences to the West. The public wanted to see American-style entertainment films, and the DEFA had to win them back.

Soviet musicals then entered a new phase — they were not led by propaganda, they were in colour, they were commissioned. In 1958, *My Wife Wants To Sing* became an instant hit. But although it had been

requested, the film was blacklisted because it treated "life and art like a bourgeois fantasy". The old question burned: of what could a socialist artist legitimately dream?

As stars and diamonds crept into the fantasies of the socialist film-going public, the story of these movies became more than the story of entertainment. Escapism could no longer be kept within the confines of the communist ethic, and musicals were as good a historical litmus as any.

As *Midnight Revue* was being filmed, the Berlin Wall was under construction through the director's backyard. Film-makers found themselves in a double bind: they were being asked to make entertainment films by the very organisation that inevitably banned them. So they wrote a script about it. In an exhilaratingly cynical inversion of the Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney "putting on a show" films, *Midnight Revue* has four film-makers kidnapped and forced to make a musical. They sing *Too Hot To Handle*, a song about the dangers of the genre.

Many of the clips seen here have this element of almost postmodern self-consciousness. They sing about getting to the happy ending, completely overt about what the genre is doing.

Were Eastern Bloc musicals in fact more honest than their American prototypes? Musical, it is often been argued, were always there to take people's minds off harsher things. In the United States the Depression gave birth to *Foot, Light and Glee*. Rogers, Gene Kelly was singing through McCarthy's witchhunts. And in the Soviet bloc the job of the musical was to provide a happy ending.

Although the Soviet musical seems at first a contradiction in terms, the musicals actually had many overlaps with the Hollywood originals. The East German director of *My Wife Wants To Sing* was blacklisted, accused of "Americanism". Only a few years earlier, Gene Kelly, accused of the opposite — Un-Americanism, that is, communist activity. The Iron Curtain turns out, was only a silver screen.

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
November 6 1998

Classical CDs

Andrew Clements

Schnittke: The Complete String Quartets Kronos Quartet (Nonesuch 7559-79500-2) (2 CDs) £27.49
Cello Concerto; Stille Musik; Cello Sonata Kiegl/Havenith/Godhoff/Saarbrücken Radio Symphony/Markson (Naxos 8.554465) £4.99

Complete Works For Cello And Piano Ivashkin/Schnittke (Chandos CHAN 9705) £14.99
Piano Music Boris Berman (Chandos CHAN 9704) £14.99

THERE are some composers whose final place in the history of 20th century music is hard to predict, and Alfred Schnittke, who died in August, may be one of the toughest of them all.

Currently, his music is very widely played, as the performers for whom he wrote have championed his cause most faithfully, and there is certainly plenty of it to programme — the disabling strokes Schnittke suffered in the last decade of his life seemed to fuel his need to compose ever more prolifically. But getting a grip on all that music is very difficult — pin down one work, and another comes along to confound your expectations. There is the true heir to the bleak, haunted world of late Shostakovich; the playful master of borrowing and allusion (whose pastiches of quotations instigated the musical term "polyserialism" in an attempt to pigeonhole him); and, especially early in his career, the reluctant modernist. Rather too often there is also the composer whose music seems to drift aimlessly between these tendencies, resorting to note-spinning and textual thinness rather than asserting a personality of its own.

All of those facets are represented in this clutch of issues. The Kronos compilation of string quartets encapsulates them all in superb performance; the First Quartet is a 12-note work, the Third, composed in 1983, the epitome of his polystylistic style, lacing the textures with references to Beethoven, Wagner and Shostakovich, and the Fourth (1989) a lengthy, brooding elegy on physical and spiritual loss.

As an introduction to the span of Schnittke's career, the collection could hardly be bettered, while the Naxos performance of his 1986 Cello Concerto, superbly delivered, offers a convincing demonstration of his ability to build large-scale, self-sustaining orchestral structures. That disc also includes a fine account of the First Cello Sonata, which is naturally part of Alexander Ivashkin's survey, along with the Second and some smaller, peripheral pieces.

Berman's piano disc is the most dispensable, not because the playing is inadequate — far from it — but because the piano never seemed to touch Schnittke's emotional core in the way the strings did; his keyboard writing is splashy and contrived, with hardly a trace of the fractured lyricism from which his best music draws its power.

If you would like to order any of these CDs contact CultureShop 020 8960, see ad on page 33

My bung is on the dung

TURNER PRIZE
Adrian Searle

THE clocks have gone back: it must be time for the Turner Prize. The competition has settled into the calendar alongside Halloween and Bonfire Night as a traditional autumnal fixture in British cultural life. It's so successful that Hugo Boss has emulated it in the United States.

The Boss Award was won this year by 1998 Turner winner Douglas Gordon, who was handed a fat cheque and a commemorative knick-knack by Dennis Hopper. Gordon tried to give Hopper a Euro-style kiss on being handed the award. Hopper stepped smartly away: he'd seen *Trainspotting*, and knew what a Glasgow Kiss might entail.

Being shortlisted for the Turner is better than a smack in the mouth, but it's still a trial by media. There's a danger that the British public is actually getting comfortable with contemporary art. Writers no longer feel obliged to explain what installations are, what conceptual art is, or why films and videos can be art. The Turner must take some credit for this accommodation to the avant-garde, but it's debatable whether familiarity is the same thing as serious interest.

In terms of popularity alone, painter Chris Offili ought to win this year's prize. His recent travelling solo show at London's Serpentine Gallery has drawn more than 35,000 visitors in less than a month, around 3,000 crowding into the tiny space each Sunday. This is more than rubbernecking. He's a serious black artist who is taken seriously and whose work is accessible, which is in itself a great leap forward for multicultural Britain. For all their decorative and ornamental impulses, Offili's obsessively glittered, dotted, doodled, spiralled and patterned paintings are more than the sum of their borrowings.

At the Tate review of the Turner Prize nominees, he is showing a couple of his Captain Shit cartoon-superhero paintings, an ornamental



Cathy de Monchaux's *Never Forget the Power of Tears...* Her work is a delicate gastronomy of S&M bad taste

PHOTO: MARTIN GOMAN

pink flower painting, some large female portraits and the dizzying psychedelic *Arodrizia*.

The work that will grab most of the attention is a large head-and-shoulders profile, *No Woman No Cry*. The title comes from a Bob Marley song: the pose is reversed, black, unhappy cousin to the National Gallery's 1465 *Portrait Of A Lady In Yellow* by Alesso Baldovinetti. Offili's woman is crying. In each blue teardrop is a little cameo portrait, like a keepsake in a locket. The face belongs to the murdered student Stephen Lawrence. The painting could be crass, but it is very sad and stoical and affecting.

Offili is in a difficult position. The first black British artist to make it to the shortlist, he is also the only painter and the only man to be selected. Has he peaked too soon? After so much recent exposure (including being a runner-up for this year's Jerwood Prize) people might say "Done dung" and move on. The

elephant droppings have lost their initial shock and are the least interesting aspect of Offili's developing style. They've become just another colour on the palette.

Offili may be favourite to win, but Sam Taylor-Wood's movie and her 360-degree photos are very impressive. Her split-screen film installation, *Atlantic*, won a prize at the 1997 Venice Biennale. Set in the restaurant of the Atlantic Bar and Grill in central London, Taylor-Wood's film homes in on a couple arguing at a table. It's hardly *My Dinner With Andre*, but a compelling tableau all the same, playing on our fascination with overheard conversations.

Taylor-Wood's work is almost entirely voyeuristic. The world we're looking in on is her own, a world of the rich, the louche, the stylish and fashionable. The *Five Revolutionary Seconds* photos are 360-degree photos shot in loft-style apartments and well-heeled flats.

Banished to the boondocks

TELEVISION
Nancy Banks-Smith

IF YOU leave Coronation Street (ITV), the punishment is ruthless. They send you somewhere that sounds funny. Not Oswaldtwistle or Barnoldswick, of course. Somewhere funny down south. (EastEnders conversely sends malcontents to Newcastle.)

Liz McDonald (Beverly Callard), whose skirt is shorter than her husband's temper, is leaving Coronation Street after nearly 10 years. Jim McDonald is now in a wheelchair and Michael, his physio, has been looking yearningly at Liz like a dog spotting a very boney bone.

To end this sad affair, Michael has applied for a job in Milton Keynes. Simmer down at the back there, Milton Keynes is full of fascinating people. The deputy health minister said recently that there is a part-time dancer lady in Milton Keynes who isn't interested in feminism and probably doesn't know what it is. She sounds all right. And there's Big George, who wrote that

wonderfully signature tune for *Have I Got News For You*. He counts as two. (I begin to feel like Abraham who struggled to find 10 just men in Sodom.) There is something about Milton Keynes that sets the scriptwriters off. They can't resist the name. "I've applied for a new job in Milton Keynes...". "Michael had an interview for a new job in Milton Keynes...". Being written out of Coronation Street is like transportation. One moment you are all cosy and the next you are in Kuala Lumpur. Raquel, beautiful and good, was cruelly packed off to Kuala Lumpur. It is part of the painful sense of loss that you can't quite place Kuala Lumpur.

Or Lowestoft. Reg, the manager of Bettabys, who had such a good double act going with Curly, was heartlessly deported to Lowestoft, which I seem to associate with the wind in the rigging and the wild cry of the herring gull. As for Curly, he's been sent to Kuala Lumpur too.

Will Liz follow Michael to the bright lights of Milton Keynes as Bess followed her lover in Porgy And Bess? Will Jim follow them in

his wheelchair like Porgy to save Liz from a life of shame? Of course not.

There is a kind of comedy which hits you like a shock wave. When Mel Brooks said he was writing a film called *Springtime For Hitler*... When Jerry Della Femina suggested *From Those Wonderful Folks Who Gave You Pearl Harbor* as an advertising campaign for Japanese electronics... When Billy Connolly danced in incontinence knickers, people actually fell off their chairs.

There is a point in a great comic's act when the audience are so disarmed with laughter, he could move among them removing their wallets. In *Thirty Years of Billy Connolly* (BBC1), you saw that Joanna Lumley, Bob Hoskins and Jimmy Tarbuck could have put up no resistance whatsoever.

In 1975 Michael Parkinson introduced him as "someone who means very little down here". Connolly responded with the story of the man who buried his wife but left her bum out as he needed somewhere to park his bike. After that his name on the guest list was worth two million extra viewers.

He is, as Parkinson said fondly, a

What starts out as annoyance with the smug clannishness of the Young British Artists crowd gives way to something a lot darker. A girl dances in the corner. A semi-naked man looms on the stairs and a guy in spiked heels and bondage gear hides his identity under a feather bon beside the piano. A Tonka truck trundles across the floor towards him.

These are the everyday afternoons of the demi-monde. You scan the images as you might wander about the flat of a stranger. You feel like you're there. The feel of these photographs is a nuances update of David Hockney's seventies vanity movie *A Bigger Splash*. The question is whether this work is narcissism or a critique. Maybe it's both. She's no Jane Austen, but her work is very much a play on modern manners, and she has a sharp eye for period — our period — detail.

Tacita Dean is obsessed by the sea. She's re-slowing *Disappearance At Sea*, her 1996 film of a lighthouse at the onset of evening on the north-east coast; a series of chalk drawings on blackboards; and Gellert, a new short movie filmed in a famous Budapest bath-house. Dean's use of the baths parallels a 1987 film by Polish artist Katarzyna Kozyma, which was filmed in the same location, using the same subject, but with a hidden camera. A letter from the director of Kozyma's Warsaw gallery, published in October's *Art Monthly*, is a veiled accusation of plagiarism. Dean claims to have been entirely ignorant of Kozyma's film. The lighting and ambience of Dean's little film has the atmosphere of certain paintings by Edward Hopper.

The weak point of the show is Cathy de Monchaux's room of sculptures. Her confections of gothic, pointy brass fittings, talced rubber orifices, gristly, grisly folds and clitoral claws pall by repetition. Her theatrical installations just don't make it as sculpture. Oooh, you say, looking at the tortured little men on an Addams Family barbecue rack. Her work is a delicate gastronomy of S&M bad taste, and it has sadly lost its allure for me, even though her newest work seems to be moving in a new direction.

The winner will be announced on December 1.

mad bugger so it's a bit of luck that his comedienne wife is now a psychiatrist. She said he was a battle-scarred man from an appalling, abusive childhood. Billy's father once described him as looking like a tramp keeking out of a haystack. A turn of phrase which makes you to wonder if, along with the odd black eye, he didn't give his son a ricocheting Celtic imagination. Nowadays the beard is grey — like, he confides, his pubic hair.

The most tantalising testimonial came from a young boy, who said, "My mum likes him a lot and my dad does as well. And my mum's boyfriend is a great fan of his." The shrewdest question came from fellow comedian Eddie Izzard: "Ask him if he writes it down." He doesn't. "I never, ever write material down because, if I do, it's not very good. The stuff I just make up has a sort of bailey edge to it."

Watching *The Life of Birds* (BBC1) I was reminded of this. Birds of prey, circling at 1,000ft, never look down and think: "Oh my God, I'm done for! There's nothing there!" They feel the comforting thermals under their wings. Connolly, on stage with no visible means of support, is lifted on warm gusts of laughter.

John Coyle

Feikh shake, sugary crude

AN Wilson

Fayed: The Unauthorised Biography by Tom Bower. Macmillan 498pp £18.99

ONE of the most richly enjoyable incidents in this extraordinary story occurs in September 1994. Papa Doc, the Haitian tyrant, has engaged a young but illustrious Kuwaiti sheikh to rebuild the harbour in Port-au-Prince. The sheikh tries to persuade some British oil experts that there is money to be made drilling for oil on Haiti. They ask him to submit a sample of crude for analysis. When the "sheikh", whose name happens to be Mohamed Fayed, receives the results from the laboratory, it is discovered that the "oil" is in fact some low-grade molasses from an abandoned French sugar plantation.

Most con-men who had tried to persuade Shell or BP to drill for treasure would have collapsed in shame. But this is very early days in Fayed's career. He has a long way to go. You more than half sympathise with the feikh shake and his sugary crude. After all, few men can have conned Papa Doc and lived to tell the tale. Three years, and only six pages later, we find Fayed purring down Park Lane in a Rolls Royce. This time, he is a former member of the Egyptian Royal Family "who fled Egypt with the king after Nasser's revolt. We lost most of our possessions. Our land, our fleet of ships, all our possessions were stolen".

What did the truth matter? Sheikh Rashid of Dubai, when he arrived in London, needed a British financial adviser. It was Fayed, in the hired Rolls, who was able to escort the real sheikh to a real bank (Morgan Grenfell no less) and having persuaded the chintzy customer there that he was a bona-fide customer, he was able to put his hands on some very real money indeed. The chintzy wonder was the 23-year-old David Douglas-Horne, son of the former Prime Minister. Douglas-Horne was only the first of many British bankers and politicians who did not trouble themselves to find out, as Tom Bower has done, who Fayed is, what he has been up to since he was born. 69 years ago, the poor son of an Alexandrian schoolteacher.

In the early pages of the story, the reader is constantly impressed by how much odder, and in a way more impressive, the reality of Fayed's life has been than the crudely fantastic lies he spins about it. Pivotal to the whole story is how



Upon a burnished throne... Mohamed Fayed, sitting in state

Fayed, without anything like the necessary assets, managed to trick Tiny Rowland out of his life's ambition, to own Harrods, and to persuade the various banks involved that he was a sound man.

No one questioned his credentials too closely, if it suited them. Thatcher more than half believed that she had Fayed to thank for the Sultan of Brunei placing a £5 billion defence order with British firms; even this high-minded newspaper, when it wanted to expose sleaze-merchant Jonathan Aitken, was not above using Fayed of the Ritz as a reliable witness.

In the early part of the tale, the lies are funny. Meet Fayed the Scottish laird who has bought Balmagowan Castle. A neighbouring landowner boasts that he has shot 100 stags that year. "How many head do you shoot a year, Mr Al Fayed?" asked the laird. "Ten thousand," replied Fayed without a blink.

Fayed the sportsman is only matched by Fayed the radical politician, who of course only had the interests of democracy at heart when he planted those used banknotes in the sweaty palms of Tory nobody-backbenchers. After the 1997 election, he announced, "I was proud, because I showed the masses... that they were ruled by a bunch of crooks... The win by the

Labour party and its majority — I have caused maybe 70 per cent or 80 per cent of it".

By the end of the story, though, the machinations and the lies have become so horrible that smiles die. His speech is a stream of obscenities, his treatment of underlings is bullying, cruel and intrusive; his sexual predacity, common knowledge, would have put off many honourable people from being associated with him, even if he were not manifestly paranoid.

Bower has done an unforgettable demolition job. Fayed is almost illiterate so he won't read this book. But it is not conceivable — is it — that he will ever live it down? When we have read each nauseating incident of blackmail, brutality, illegal surveillance and greed, it isn't possible to feel a glimmer of sympathy.

The book fills you with utter contempt, not just for Fayed but for England and all the awfully unprincipled bankers, newspaper proprietors, and MPs. "There's not a single man I could not buy," Tiny Rowland used to boast. Tom Bower shows that Fayed could almost make this text his own and, for once in his life, not be too far from the truth.

If you would like to order this book at the special price of £18 contact CultureShop (see page 33)

Date with destiny

Adam Begley

Damascus Gate by Robert Stone. Picador 500pp £16.99

THE silly side of the millennium, all the harmless, vulgar hoopla, lets us forget to be scared. How much sacred significance, heaped on a calendar date, does it take to push religious enthusiasts over the line into religious mania? Mania is just a shout away from violence, especially in Jerusalem, the brilliantly realized setting of Robert Stone's new novel, Damascus Gate. As the millennium itself should serve to remind us, things that happen in the Holy Land echo elsewhere and down through the ages. And so — be scared.

But the real millennial danger isn't Messiah-mad cranks. "We can't blame crazy people for the troubles of the world," a character in Damascus Gate declares. "It's the nominally sane individuals who cause most of human misery." Danger kicks in when the nominally sane check the calendar and decide the time is ripe to manipulate the maniacs.

Or, to put the same idea in the terms of Stone's knotted plot, the flashpoint comes when geopolitics tangles with religion. In Jerusalem in the early 1990s, power and belief intersect and a conspiracy hatches to blow up the Muslim shrines on the Temple Mount. The pious plotters, the "God-struck", are an uneasy alliance of militant Jews and Christian fundamentalists: they imagine their bomb will clear the way for the rebuilding of the Temple and either the coming of the Messiah or the second coming of Christ. The secular plotters, the "patriots", foresee riots and war — an upheaval which will reshape the political map of the Middle East.

Damascus Gate sounds like a thriller, but the plot is too weak to qualify. The conspiracy cranks up slowly, slowly, and loose ends flap dispiritedly through the final pages. (If it's tense Middle East intrigue you're after, Palestinian duelling with Israelis, try Le Carré's *The Little Drummer Girl*.) Stone's novel should be read as an extended meditation on religious identity, how people and nations choose to be defined by faith (or lack thereof) — or have religious identity thrust upon them.

The confused, queuing her, Christopher Lucas, neither Jewish like his father nor Catholic like his mother, is writing a book about "the Jerusalem Syndrome", a label psychiatrists use to describe individuals who become convinced they are

in Jerusalem on a mission, sent by the Almighty. Some believe they are Jesus redux. Adam De Kuff, a manic-depressive fallen under the influence of a hipster junkie, considers himself "the Lamb of God Re-turned", proclaiming that "the time to come is at hand". He has a theologically sophisticated, economically appealing notion of his Messianic role. Lucas falls in love with one of De Kuff's followers, a beautiful, half-black, half-Jewish Sufti. And De Kuff's cult is linked to the Temple Mount conspiracy, which means Lucas finds himself in great danger.

The novel is thick with allusion, a maze of connections as tortuous as the back alleys of Jerusalem's Old City. Lose track of the fact that Shabak is the nickname for Shin Bet, Israel's internal security agency, and you'll find yourself mystified by the convoluted conspiracy. Know your Gnosticism, or you'll be head-scratching through dense passages of theological speculation. One typically hip snatch of dialogue requires easy familiarity with Theodor Adorno and Charlie Chan. In this novel, no swallow falls, no cock crows without thematic resonance and a scriptural cross-reference. De Kuff preaches the "everything is Torah". Stone seems bent on proving a corollary truth: everything is ready for exegesis.

ONE suspects that he's just showing off. Even during exhilarating moments of action and suspense (a riot in the Gaza Strip; a brutal interrogation at a Jewish settlement; a rooftop chase in the Old City), he keeps coming with echoes of antiquity, as though he could peel back a thin layer of today and see the cache of yesterday's trailing back to Old Testament times. Here's a palimpsest peek at the intifada: "Two soldiers moved directly in front of the van and raised their weapons to fire gas canisters at the withdrawing mass of young men. Taking aim, they posed like archers in an ancient frieze, squinting up at the declining sun."

The calmer, guide-book episodes are priceless: "A dip in the Dead Sea, Lucas discovered, resembled in its chilly, slippery wetness many of life's gutter-muddy unpleasant tropic experiences."

Damascus Gate is not one of Stone's best novels. It can't match *Dog Soldiers* or *A Flag For Sunrise* for sheer muscle; it never achieves the lyric dazzle of *Outerbridge Reach*. But Stone on an off day is still well worth reading, a master at stumbling between masterpieces.

Golf Volvo Masters

Monty wins sixth title on the trot

David Davies at Montecastillo

DARREN CLARKE won the Volvo Masters last Sunday. Colin Montgomerie topped the Volvo Rankings and Lee Westwood gained the kind of experience he could do without.

Europe's big three, who dominated proceedings at Montecastillo last week, finished in possibly the least predicted fashion of all, with Clarke equalling the course record of 63 on his way to what was, but should not be, a rare win.

Montgomerie, a more prolific winner, finished third but did enough to extend his record run of making wins to six on the trot, while Westwood, who has won as many tournaments as the other two combined this year, ran up a quadruple bogey seven at the 14th, and eventually finished tied for 12th.

For Clarke this was an especially sweet moment. As he walked off the final green, cradling his 13-week-old son Tyrone, he could reflect not only that he had played brilliantly and won, but he had also beaten his close friend and stablemate, Westwood, who had appeared to be leaving him behind.

Here, though, Clarke left them all behind, seizing the moment as rarely, if ever, before. He went to the turn in 30, with four birdies and an eagle, and when he found himself at the top of the leaderboard he did not for a second flinch. He came home in 33, for a total of 271, 17-under par, to win by two from Andrew Coltart and by three from Montgomerie.

It was a win that could be the making of the big Ulsterman. To his enormous frustration he has finished runner-up three times this season alone, while Westwood has been roaring away to five wins throughout the world.

Indeed things got so bad for Clarke that he actually withdrew from the Belgacom Open in the first week of October for fear that he got into contention and then failed to come through again, he would totally lose his head.

Last Sunday he fully earned the accolade passed on by Montgomerie. "That was a world-class effort by Darren," he said. "He's a very, very talented player." Montgomerie was pleased with himself, too. "The standard in Europe is improving all the time," he said, "and



Cap that... Montgomerie after his triumph

PHOTO: DESMOND BOYLAN

I've had to improve with it. That's 11 years in a row as a professional that I feel I've improved. I feel mentally tougher than ever before, and hopefully I've not played my best golf yet."

Clarke won the biggest title, and the most money — the \$275,000 first prize and \$200,000 bonus money for finishing second in the rankings — in his career.

The final rankings showed Montgomerie the winner with \$1,650,000; Clarke next with \$1,500,000 and Westwood third with \$1,350,000.

Football Results

FA CARLING PREMIERSHIP
Chelsea 1, Aston Villa 1; Derby 2, Leeds 2; Everton 1, Man Utd 1; Leicester 1, Liverpool 2; Manchester 1, Middlesbrough 1; Nottingham 1, Newcastle 1; Tottenham 2, Charlton 2; Wimbledon 1, Blackburn 1.

NATIONWIDE LEAGUE
First Division
Birmingham 1, Huddersfield 1; Bolton 0, Sunderland 3; Bradford 0, Bristol 0; Bury 1, Watford 3; Gillingham 2, C. Palace 0; Ipswich 2, West Brom 0; Oxford 1, Crewe 1; Portsmouth 1, Norwich 1; Port Vale 2, Sheffield Utd 3; Swindon 3, QPR 1; Tranmere 1, Stockport 1; Wolves 1, Barnsley 1.

Second Division
Blackpool 2, Fulham 3; Bournemouth 1, Preston 1; Bristol R 3, Walsley 4; Burnley 2, Wrexham 1; Lincoln 1, Gillingham 2; Luton 1, Chesterfield 1; Macclesfield 0, Northampton 1; Man C 2, Colchester 1; Millwall 1, Oldham 1; Notts Co 1, Stoke 0; Wigan 5, York 0; Wycombe 2, Reading 3.

Third Division
Barnet 0, Rochdale 1; Brentford 1, Carlisle 1; Brighton 3, Hartlepool 2; Cardiff 1, Exeter 1; Chester 1, Shrewsbury 1; Haverhill 2, Swindon 0; L. Orient 1, Scunthorpe 0; Mansfield 1, Cambridge 3; Peterborough 2, Rotherham 1; Plymouth 0, Hull 0; Scarborough 1, Torquay 1; Southend 2, Dagenham 1.

Fourth Division
Dundee 1, Hearts 0; Dunfermline 1, St Johnstone 1; Kilmarnock 2, Celtic 0; Motherwell 2, Aberdeen 1; Rangers 2, Dundee Utd 1.

Scottish Premier League
Division One
Aberdeen 3, Stirling Albion 2; Falkirk 1, St Mirren 1; Gr. Morton 2, Raith Rovers 1; Hamilton 1, Ayr 3; Hibernian 2, Clydebank 1.

Division Two
Aberdeen 3, Partick 1; Arbroath 0, Inverness CT 1; Clyde 3, Forth 1; East Fife 2, Livingston 3; Queen's Park 2, Stirling 3.

Division Three
Aberdeen 3, Partick 1; Arbroath 0, Inverness CT 1; Clyde 3, Forth 1; East Fife 2, Livingston 3; Queen's Park 2, Stirling 3.

Division Four
Aberdeen 3, Partick 1; Arbroath 0, Inverness CT 1; Clyde 3, Forth 1; East Fife 2, Livingston 3; Queen's Park 2, Stirling 3.

Division Five
Aberdeen 3, Partick 1; Arbroath 0, Inverness CT 1; Clyde 3, Forth 1; East Fife 2, Livingston 3; Queen's Park 2, Stirling 3.

Division Six
Aberdeen 3, Partick 1; Arbroath 0, Inverness CT 1; Clyde 3, Forth 1; East Fife 2, Livingston 3; Queen's Park 2, Stirling 3.

Division Seven
Aberdeen 3, Partick 1; Arbroath 0, Inverness CT 1; Clyde 3, Forth 1; East Fife 2, Livingston 3; Queen's Park 2, Stirling 3.

Division Eight
Aberdeen 3, Partick 1; Arbroath 0, Inverness CT 1; Clyde 3, Forth 1; East Fife 2, Livingston 3; Queen's Park 2, Stirling 3.

Division Nine
Aberdeen 3, Partick 1; Arbroath 0, Inverness CT 1; Clyde 3, Forth 1; East Fife 2, Livingston 3; Queen's Park 2, Stirling 3.

Division Ten
Aberdeen 3, Partick 1; Arbroath 0, Inverness CT 1; Clyde 3, Forth 1; East Fife 2, Livingston 3; Queen's Park 2, Stirling 3.

Football Premiership

No victory on Poll day

Harry Pearson at St James' Park

THE Governor of the Bank of England, Eddie George, recently made himself highly unpopular in the Northeast by remarking that unemployment in the region was good for the national economy. At St James' Park, Graham Poll made a determined, largely successful bid to usurp the boy George as most hated man on Tyneside.

The referee from Tring had already worked the home fans into a lather in a lively opening half by waving aside two penalty appeals and disallowing Alan Shearer's headed effort when, three minutes into the second period, he sent off Stuart Pearce after the thunder-thighed left-back apparently made an over-zealous attempt to buff up the back of Trevor Sinclair's gleaming skull, using his right elbow.

Poll's decisions cast a shadow over an otherwise bright game which West Ham United won 3-0. The match contained notable performances from two Hammers at different ends of their careers. Frank Lampard Jr's name alone would mark him out as a claret-and-blue royalty, but his abilities are princely too. The England Under-21 captain always appears composed to the point of serenity. Like a swan, Lampard seems to be able to hold head and torso still, no matter how fast his legs are pumping.

Lampard probed away at Newcastle's defence as precisely as a dentist searching for cavities. The main beneficiary was the 35-year-old Ian Wright. The veteran forward's youthfulness is beginning to take on a slightly eerie Clift Richard quality. He darted, swivelled and bounced hyperactively on the balls of his feet. The sharpness of his finishing must be even more enervating for defenders. Eight minutes after Pearce saw red, Wright, just inside the Newcastle half, sprinted 20 yards before smacking a low right-foot shot home. It looked so simple you could be forgiven wondering why no one had thought to do it earlier.

The home side had the better of a first half in which Paul Dalglish's direct running with the ball had at times made even the languid Rio Ferdinand look flustered, but they suffered from a lack of imagination in the middle. Gary Speed and David Batty are honest and hard-working but predictable. With Stephen Glass looking fragile, much was left to Roberto Solano, who sprays the ball around with the outside of his feet in a manner not seen here since Chris Waddle shuffled southwards. The Peruvian came closest to levelling with a long-range lob.

But soon Sinclair snuffed out all hope when he added a second after an exchange with Newcastle old boy Paul Kitson.

"Two-nil to the referee," the Toon Army sang bitterly as they began to file away. Moments later, Wright notched No 3. Eddie George plans to visit Newcastle soon. He might bring Mr Poll along to draw some of the flak.

Third time lucky as McEwan wins Booker

Dan Gjalster

JAN MCEWAN last week overcame past disappointments and upset the bookmakers when he was awarded the 30th Booker prize for his satirical novel *Amsterdam*.

His victory comes at the expense of Beryl Bainbridge, widely tipped by both critics and bookmakers to win the prize.

Mr McEwan said: "It is pretty tough for shortlisted authors who don't win... Last year I was not nominated and I had more headlines not being nominated. Beryl gave me a great hug. I hope I would have given

her such a hug, too, had it not been me."

The other shortlisted novels were Bainbridge's *Master George*; England, England by Julian Barnes; *The Industry Of Souls* by Martin Booth; *Breakfast On Pluto* by Patrick McCabe; and *The Restraint Of Beasts* by Magnus Mills.

Amsterdam was McEwan's third appearance on the shortlist. His previous novel, *Enduring Love*, was shortlisted for several prizes, which it failed to win.

Amsterdam is the story of two men, a composer and a newspaper editor, who become embroiled in controversy when the

lover of both is photographed in compromising positions with the Foreign Secretary. The story kicks off at the funeral of their lover.

The former foreign secretary Lord Hurd, who was the chairman of the judges, evidently did not find the subject too close to the bone. He said: "It's a sardonic book, it's a book about the struggle between two friends who are deeply ambitious, and their ambition leads them into acts which are questionable. It's a satire, but quite a wise one."

But divisions were admitted. "From the first day Penelope Fitzgerald was pushing for the bus driver, Magnus Mills," one

of the judges, Valentine Cunningham, said. "All the women liked the bus driver. Fitzgerald didn't like being told it was quite ordinary and evening-class. In the end we split 3-2, with Nigella Lawson and Douglas Hurd holding out for Bainbridge. I would have been happy with either."

The 30th anniversary of the Booker prize has seen a rash of reminiscences. One of the earliest winners, John Berger, pledged half his prize money for his novel *G* to the Black Panther movement in protest at what he called the Booker company's colonialist policies running sugar plantations in the West Indies. His declaration at the prize-giving dinner led to a

heated exchange with Rebecca West.

Since then, the prize has thrived as much on its ability to garner headlines as on the literary merit of the winners.

One title that combined both was *Midnight's Children* by Salman Rushdie, which won the Booker in 1981 and the Booker of Bookers, marking the 25th anniversary of the prize, in 1999. Its selection was criticised by some at the time as "anti-British".

Now some critics suggest publicity has an undue effect on the judges.

"They used to go into the judging very openly," the Booker prize administrator, Martyn Goff, has said. Now, he added, "they are tense from the start".

Sports Diary Shiv Sharma

Vialli has a field day

CHELSEA'S manager Gianluca Vialli took to the field in the third round of the Worthington Cup and celebrated with a hat-trick to beat Premiership leaders Aston Villa 4-1 at Stamford Bridge.

Vialli took the lead through Mark Draper's deflected free-kick, but the bolders equalised when Vialli lashed onto a Celestine Babayaro pass. He put his side ahead with a superb shot on the turn and completed his hat-trick five minutes from time after Tore Andre Flo had added a third.

The London club face a tough tie in the next round where they meet double winners Arsenal who, with 10 regulars including prized Dutch forward Dennis Bergkamp and Marc Overmars absent from the side, beat off Derby's challenge 2-1 at Pride Park.

The result justified coach Arsene Wenger's decision to keep his top players fresh for Europe and the Premiership. Arsenal went ahead in the 21st minute when Luis-Bos Morie's corner was turned into his own net by a hapless Lee Carsley.

Nelson Vivas settled the issue with his first goal for the club, although Dean Strudwick salvaged some home pride in the 85th minute.

Brave Bury's attempt to thwart Manchester United ultimately failed, but the First Division club held out until the 106th minute. A series of inspired saves by keeper Dean Kelly foiled a largely second-string United, but he was unable to prevent Ole Gunnar Solskjaer from putting his side ahead in extra-time.

The match was settled when fellow-Norwegian Erik Nevland scored the second.

United's opponents in the last 16 will be Nottingham Forest, who were given a fright on home ground by Third Division Cambridge

United. The visitors staged a marvellous fight-back from 3-0 down to take the tie into extra-time before losing 4-3 on penalties. Another side to win in a penalty shoot-out were Bolton, who put out Norwich.

Elsewhere, Liverpool beat Fulham 3-1, Leicester defeated Charlton 2-1, Luton saw off Coventry 2-0 and Newcastle United beat Tranmere Rovers 1-0. Also through to Tottenham Hotspur, Wimbledon, Blackburn, Leeds and Everton.

In the second semi-final of the Scottish League Cup, St Johnstone beat Hearts 3-0, and will meet Rangers in the end.

NASEEM HAMED retained his World Boxing Organisation featherweight title with a unanimous points victory over Northern



Hamed; points decision

Ireland's Wayne McCullough in Atlantic City. The challenger became the first man to go the distance with Hamed, whose performance was far from vintage as he struggled to find the target with

any of his vast range of punches. The Sheffield fighter was booed by his American fans, who were not impressed with this showing.

PETER MANDELSON, Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, has referred the \$1 billion bid by Rupert Murdoch's BSkyB for Manchester United to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission. The minister said the Office of Fair Trading recommended that the merger should be referred due to competition issues and public interest concerns. The move was bitterly attacked by Murdoch.

SOUTH AFRICAN skipper Hansie Cronje and Jacques Kallis steered their country to a four-wicket victory over West Indies in the final of the Wills International Cup in Dhaka, Bangladesh. South Africa won the toss and bowled out West Indies for 245, Kallis taking 5-30. Cronje's team reached their target with the loss of six wickets.

ENGLAND'S Ashes tour got off to a nail-biting start with a victory over the Australian Board Chairman's XI by one run in Perth. The tourists scored a daunting 297-5 in their 50 overs, with Mike Atherton hitting a breezy 88. Captain Alec Stewart and John Crawley also made aggressive half-centuries. After a confident opening partnership of 87, the home side came close to a sensational victory, but could only get five runs off the final over.

THE New Zealand raldar, Jezabel, ridden by Chris Munce, won the \$52.8 million Melbourne Cup. Second was Champagne, ridden by Glet Boss, and third Persian Punch, ridden by Richard Quinn.

Shiv Sharma